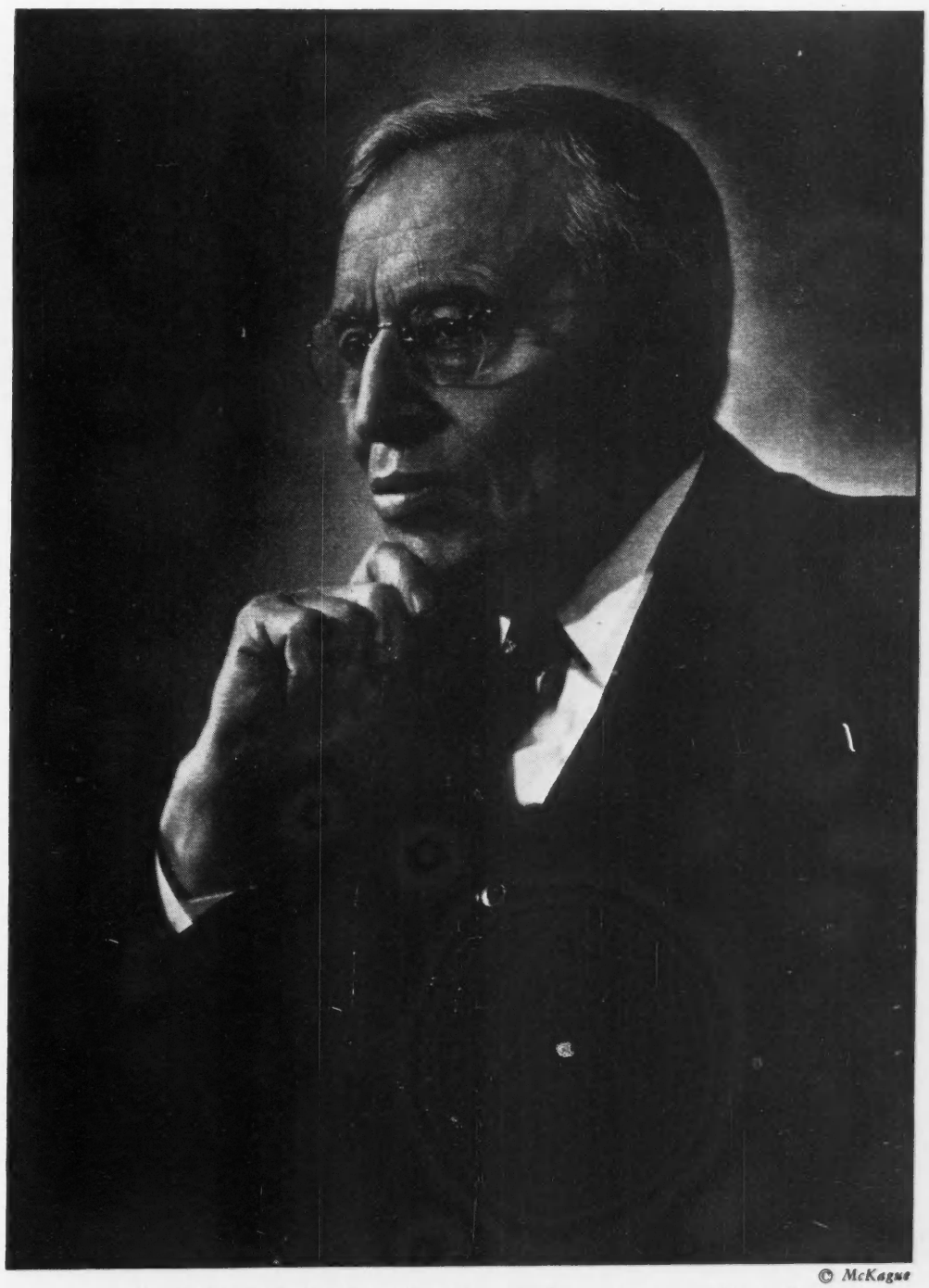
# Saturday Night

*May 1, 1954 • 10 Cents*

## The Front Page

In these northern latitudes, Spring does not come easily or gracefully, but emerges from the heaving body of earth in a slow, agonizing parturition. The people who watch this annual convulsion become as jittery as expectant fathers are supposed to be and veer wildly between joy and gloom as the birth-pangs come and go; but as April's tour of bedside duty ends and May takes over, the watchers, reassured that the delivery has been more or less of a routine job after all and that the infant season is off to a lusty start, begin to think about the things that tradition says they must do at this time of the year. The young rediscover old fancies, and the old, young desires.

This season there has been the same worry over the year's period of lying-in, but the bedside manner has changed. At the birth, the talk has been of death—only a murmur of uncertain fear here, perhaps, only an echo of the keening in countries whose people have lived closer than we have to the sudden and impartial death that comes from the sky when nations go to war. But even here, in a land of placid scattered cities, there has been the uncomfortable knowledge that the first and brightest blossom of this



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*RT. HON. JAMES GARDINER: Another crop year.* *(Page 3)*



The new 1954 Chevrolet Bel Air Sport Coupe. With three great series, Chevrolet offers the most beautiful choice of models in its field!

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You see a couple of things in our picture up there that combine to make mighty fine motoring — a quiet country road and the new 1954 Chevrolet.

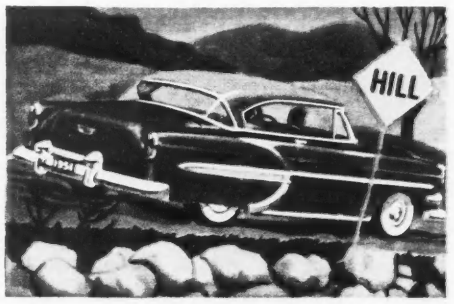
But *wherever* you live or drive, that new Chevrolet performance will please you in a number of special ways.

**THERE HAS NEVER BEEN** a Chevrolet that responded so quickly, smoothly and quietly to your foot on the accelerator. You accelerate, climb hills and whisper along the highway as you never did before.

**NEW HIGH-COMPRESSION POWER** is the reason behind these important advantages. Chevrolet has the *highest* compression ratio in any leading low-priced car. And high-compression is the key to another very pleasing and very important fact about Chevrolet performance.

**IT'S A LONG WAY FROM "FULL" TO "EMPTY".** Higher compression means that the fuel mixture is squeezed more tightly in the engine to get more work out of the same amount of gas. That is how Chevrolet gives you more power and finer performance with important gas savings. That is why the Chevrolet gas gauge takes such a long time and so many miles to move from "full" to "empty".

**FINE, ECONOMICAL PERFORMANCE** over the miles is only one reason why you'll *always* be glad you bought a Chevrolet. No other low-priced car offers you so many important advantages including all the automatic features and power controls you could want. Yet, *Chevrolet is the lowest-priced line of cars.*




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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

particular Spring was a flower of flame in the South Pacific that shook its deadly pollen over a hundred miles.

Never has a season had so fateful a harbinger, or seen the bursting of such a terrible bud. A strange Spring indeed, that can fill even young hearts with a sort of helpless fatalism. A teacher in London, England, told the other day how he asked one of his pupils, an 11-year-old boy, what he intended to be when he grew up, and got the reply, "Sir, I don't need to worry, because by that time there will be nowhere to grow up in".

The child was only giving his translation of an adult attitude, of course, but his words revealed what curious fuel is feeding the fires of Spring this year. The rites of fertility are being performed to the music of a requiem. But why? Because we have lost faith in the recurring miracle of creation?

Man is doomed indeed if he has so narrowed the horizons of his soul and mind that he can now only wait, in dull fright, for his extermination. All about us at this time is the lesson of life and hope, of faith and courage; even if we dismiss it as nothing more than a demonstration of ancient instinct, we must take from it the moral that man has in him something more than blind slavery to an inexorable Nature—he has the power of thought to help him choose between fuller life or self-destruction.

## *Caught in Passing*

WHENEVER a sudden moment of quiet falls between stretches of loud noise, the fleeting bits of conversation caught in the stillness are as tantalizing as an unfinished serial story. There was such a moment on a subway platform the other night; for a fragment of a second there was only the rumble of a distant train and a man's voice saying, "And when he changed the color of his eyes—". The rest was lost in the resurging babble of the crowd and now, our curiosity nettled by the possibilities of such an optical achievement, we are in the unsettled state of mind of the writer who overheard, during a similar lull, one woman telling another, "One of my favorites is, you take one elephant—".

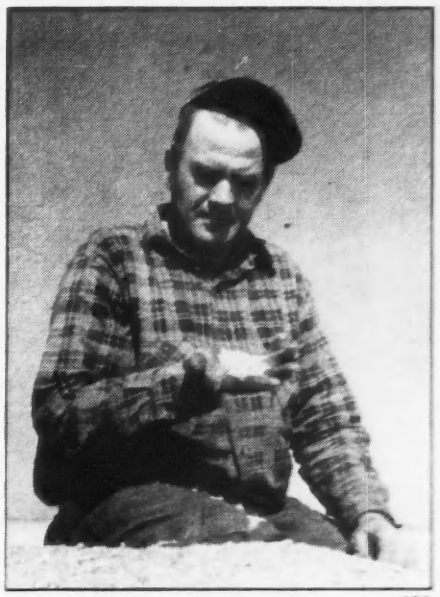
## *An Exacting Job*

SOME MONTHS AGO, when it was suggested that the Rt. Hon. James G. Gardiner, Minister of Agriculture, was about to quit politics, there were sharp denials of any plans for retirement and reassurances that the aggressive little minister would continue to handle his department for many years to come. During recent weeks, however, it has been apparent that Mr. Gardiner's health has suffered and that the heavy responsibilities he has

# The Front Page

carried with distinction for so long are now making their weight felt. It is to be hoped he will regain his old fire and drive, because the job of looking after the interests of Canadian agriculture, an exacting one at any time, is particularly worrisome now with problems of marketing and lower farm income overhanging a new crop year.

The biggest of the problems, of course, is wheat, and here Trade Minister Howe has had the responsibility of parrying questions in the House of Commons while spurring his salesmen to ever greater efforts to reduce the huge surplus in the nation's granaries. Western farmers, as they put in the new crop, cannot help but think of the past three harvests; their 688



CPA

*ANOTHER bumper crop!*

million bushels in 1952 and 614 million bushels last year provided the greatest yield in Canadian history, and they have, in effect, harvested the equivalent of four normal wheat crops in three seasons. At the same time, other nations growing wheat have also enjoyed bumper harvests. The four main exporting nations, Canada, the United States, Argentina and Australia, have a total supply of 3,378 million bushels, as large as during the record season of 1942-43.

When the provincial ministers of agriculture met with Mr. Gardiner in Ottawa last December, he passed on to them the advice given him by his grandfather: "Find out what your farm grows best and grow as much of it as you can". He was not unduly worried about surpluses then, and may not be now; he knows that wheat crops follow a cycle of abundance and shortage, that the surplus of this year may be the necessity of a few years hence, after two or three bad growing seasons. Still, no one can plan on failure any more than on abundance, and at the time of seeding there is just as much reason to expect a heavy yield as a poor one. Another bumper harvest, along with normal production in other countries, will increase the difficulties not only of marketing but of storage as well—and the time to be thinking about the possibilities of the situation is now, not next Fall.

## *In the Beginning*

A REPORT from the Soviet news agency, Tass, says that dinosaur eggs found in Siberia have helped Russian scientists to trace the history of animal life in that area back 250 million years. There have been no claims made yet, however, that the first dinosaur was a party member or that animal life was really invented by a Russian.

## *Trust and Security*

IN THE INTEMPERATE arguments that have been going on since it became known that Dr. Robert Oppenheimer, "the man who made the atomic bomb", had been suspended by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission have obscured some of the most important aspects of the case. It seems to have been forgotten, for example, that Dr. Oppenheimer himself chose to publicize the case: he was informed last December that the AEC was planning an inquiry into his associations with Communists, and that he could attend the inquiry, be represented by his own counsel and question witnesses, if he so desired. This was done quietly and soberly, with none of the evil ceremonial made notorious by McCarthy.

The rights or wrongs of the case, itself can only be decided by the conscience of the United States. Difficult as the decisions may be now that the real issue has been buried under masses of partisan hullabaloo. This issue is: how far can a government trust a man who not only has given his nation brilliant service as a scientist but at the same time has demonstrated the most absurd naivete in matters outside his special field of study? The answer to that question must be sought by all free nations, not by the United States alone. Canada, Britain and France have all had demonstrations of how men of science so often become lost little boys when they wander any distance from their equations and slide rules — and dangerous little boys, because they know so much and yet so little.

Dr. Oppenheimer himself has said that for years he paid such scant attention to what was going on in the world about him that he did not bother to vote and did not learn about the 1929 market crash until the Great Depression was out and

# The Front Page

bitter news to the rest of us. Thus divorced from the reality of every-day life, a man could not help but be socially and politically immature. After many years of painful growing up in the responsibilities of citizenship, Dr. Oppenheimer seems to have found himself—a self-discovery that did not come to Dr. Klaus Fuchs until he was in jail and that has never come to some others.

It is possible for a man to make tremendous contributions to the security of his nation and yet at the same time be immature or indiscreet enough to jeopardize that security. While there is rivalry between nations and political systems, governments must think of the security of their peoples in terms of trust and discretion as well as of weapons and physical defences.

## *Airborne*

SOMEONE who was a little peeved with us the other day told us to "go fly a kite", a phrase that transported us right back to childhood. In those distant days we had as much fun flying a kite as any youngster gets from the mechanized toys of this jet-propelled age—more perhaps, for there was the fun of making them too. We designed and flew dozens, experimenting with shapes and tails, struts, strings and wire, even managing a Chinese fish kite that the wind ripped apart the first time it got to a decent height. Well, the March winds are over, the April rains have snowed and gone, but where are the kites of yesteryear? We thought we had found some the other evening when we saw three dipping and soaring against a cobalt sky, but when we sauntered over and inquired into kite-flying conditions, we found that they had been mass-produced and sold by the nearest drug store.

## *Behind the Taps*

WHEN THE MEN who look after most of the country's civic water supplies gathered in Toronto the other day for the annual meeting of the Canadian Section of the American Water Works Association, we had a talk with Dr. A. E. Berry, who is secretary-treasurer of the Section and Director of the Ontario Government's Division of Sanitary Engineering.

"In the old days," he said, "many water works were privately owned, but now more than 90 per cent of them are owned by municipal governments. Most of the members of the Section—there are over 600 of them—are civic officials, but a few big industrial concerns belong too. The parent organization has 10,000 members from all over the world, although most are in the U.S., Cuba and Canada. A few radicals in this country have been attempting to make the Canadian Section independent of the parent body, but the executive is not in favor of it."

Had the Section taken a stand on fluoridation? "We don't judge the merits of that question," he said. "We work in co-operation with medical officers and boards of health. Of course, in many cases municipal water is naturally fluoridated—Stratford, for example. The first artificial installation was made in Brantford several years ago, with encouraging results in the reduction of dental caries. Other places have installed it since—Saskatoon, Chalk River, Oshawa and others are getting it. Fluoridation equipment can be installed in any pumping station at a cost of about eight to twelve cents per person."

W. D. Hurst, public works commissioner for Winnipeg, joined us. "Winnipeg," Mr.



*Simpson Bros.*

*DR. A. E. BERRY: "We don't judge."*

Hurst said, "has pure, clear, odor-free, soft, desirable water. Winnipeg water was chosen for King George and his Queen to drink when they were here before the war. They carried big jars of it in their train. That's a very fine record for our system."

Dr. Berry nodded his agreement. "Water works may not be front-page news," he said, "but they form a most important part of life."

## *Continued Story*

WE'RE LOOKING forward with considerable interest to the next stage in the progression of investigations in the United States. First there were the investigations by Senator McCarthy, then the investigation of the McCarthy investigators, then the investigation of the investigators of the McCarthy investigators and of the counsel for the committee investigating charges against the McCarthy investigators. It should be quite amusing when the progression reaches a point where everyone is not only either an investigator or an investigatee but both suspect and accuser simultaneously.

## *Paying for the Ride*

THE RAPID increase in population, and consequently of vehicular traffic, in various parts of Canada during the post-war years has given provincial highway authorities a new problem: how to build the multi-lane arteries required to handle the dense traffic in the populous areas without interfering with the job of extending decent road service to other districts—and do it all without turning the taxpayers' pockets inside out. It is becoming painfully obvious that the task is too tough for them, that their present system of building must be broadened if it is to come anywhere close to keeping pace with the needs.

The authorities so far have been cool to suggestions that toll-roads be built to take some of the load off highways that are clogged with traffic, but it is time that they revised their opinions. The principle that roads are public projects and should therefore be paid for only out of public funds no longer holds good; more and better public highways are required, but there is, too, a special need for something extra, for highways that do not supplant but supplement existing arteries.

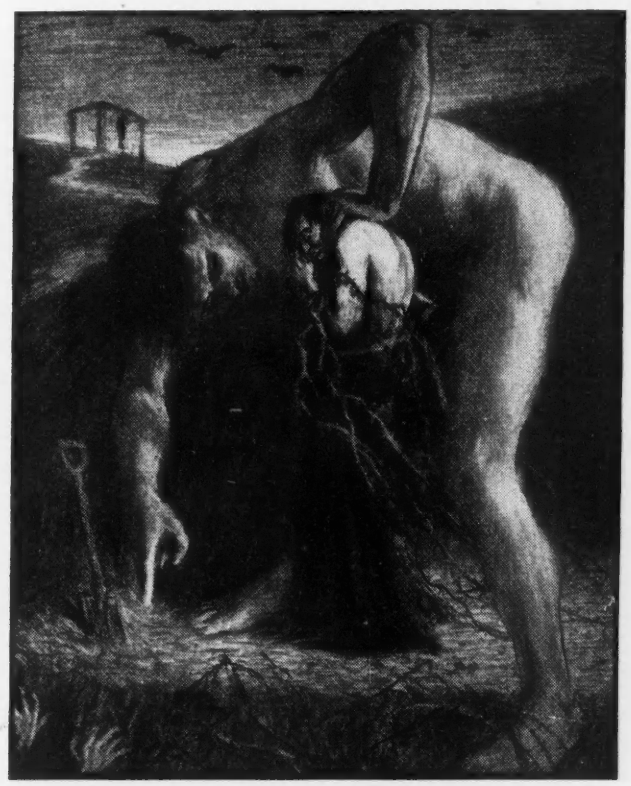
The parkways, thruways and turnpikes that have been built in the United States have proved enormously successful. They carry several lanes of traffic in a fast, uninterrupted flow, and as a result of careful engineering and maintenance, have a lower rate of accidents than the big public highways. They are paid for by means of debentures, maintained and extended out of the revenue obtained from tolls. The tax money thus saved can go into improvement of the public system. There is no reason why the same thing cannot be done here.

## *A Nation's Loss*

IT IS JUST as difficult to think of Nova Scotia carrying on its business without Angus L. Macdonald, whose loyalty to his ancestry, his people and his principles made him for so long a symbol of his province's traditions and aspirations, as it is to visualize a meeting of provincial premiers and Federal ministers without him there to act as the conscience of Confederation. His death did much more than rob Nova Scotia of a leader; it took away from the nation a man of independent mind and unswerving integrity. There are too few of his stature left for the loss to be lightly dismissed.

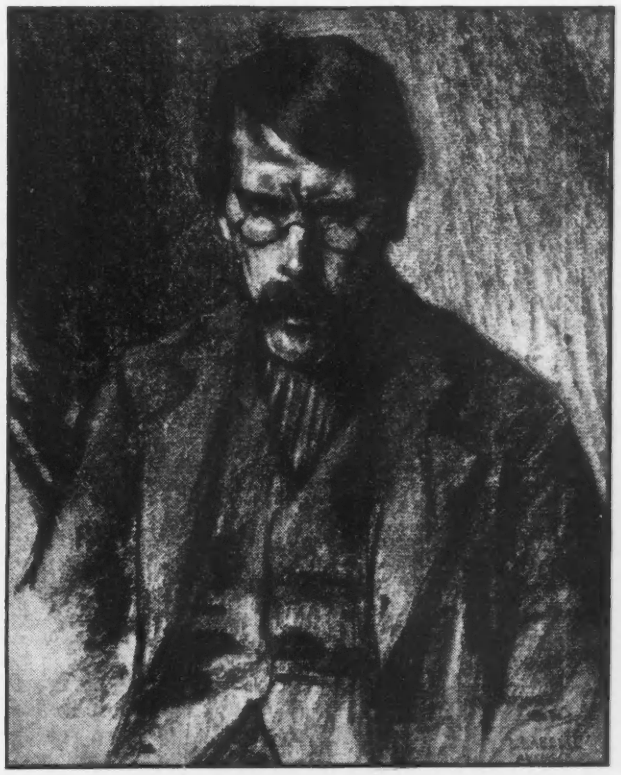
# *Windsor Gallery Organizes Drawings Show*

## *Six Cities See Exhibit of Black and White Art*



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**"BLIND MAN" BY A. SUZOR-COTE**

*The Windsor exhibit was seen in Toronto, Peterborough, Oshawa, London and Hamilton art centres. Curator Kenneth Saltmarche selected examples so that most of the techniques and themes of draughtmanship of Canadian artists would be represented in the exhibition.*



**"PINE, GEORGIAN BAY" BY ARTHUR LISMER**

*Leading public and private collections contributed to the success of the Windsor venture. Galleries in Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal loaned important examples. Landscape drawing was represented by the Group of Seven, of which Arthur Lismer was a member.*



**"MARIE" BY FREDERICK H. VARLEY**

*F. H. Varley's drawings of nudes and portrait heads testify to his leadership as the veteran of Canadian figure painters. Now 73, Varley is soon to be honored by a major one-man show.*



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# *Geneva: It's Too Soon For a Settlement*

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

THERE IS a tendency among people who see themselves as "men of goodwill" to look upon all those who don't believe in seeking a settlement now with Communist China as hard-shelled reactionaries, their eyes closed to reality, just sitting tight and repeating "No, no, never!".

Let me, however, beg them not to close *their* eyes and ears, but to listen to the arguments against recognizing Communist China at the present time, and handing over to her one of those five over-stuffed chairs at the UN reserved for the great powers of this world. (Ruefully may the Americans reflect, in denying that there is such a thing as a "Big 5" at Geneva, that it was entirely their idea that China should be elevated to one of the five permanent seats on the Security Council.

Of all the mistakes and folly which have gone into Far Eastern policy in the past two decades—and where is the all-wise statesman who could have guided with sure instinct the upheaval of a whole continent of a billion people?—the greatest mistake could be the recognition at the present time of Communist China. This step, which is being advocated by some of our leaders as "realism" and "common sense", would be portrayed by Communist propaganda throughout Asia as a great victory for Peking and acceptance by us of the pre-eminence of Communist China in Asian affairs.

Where is, in fact, the "realism" in this argument raised by Nehru, St. Laurent and Pearson that the troubles of the Far East cannot be "settled" without recognizing and working with the government in actual control of China? I think these men of goodwill are hypnotized by the idea of winning "agreement", and still think subconsciously of Communists as essentially like themselves in wishing such agreement. Here is Anthony Eden, after all his experience with Fascist and Communist negotiators, talking of the possibility of an "honorable settlement" with the Chinese Communists at Geneva. Why should we try to make out Communists to be honorable when they themselves have always rejected such "bourgeois morality"?

We recognize Communist Russia, some argue, so why not Communist China? Probably very few of our people would seriously advocate withdrawing our recognition from the USSR; after all these years we have accustomed ourselves to the snubs and hostility, the camouflage and the flanking attacks, the assault and retreat that pass as Soviet diplomacy. But let us consider: would we have had a better or a worse "settlement" of Europe had we never recognized the Soviet Union, not signed the Moscow "agreement" on the liberation of Austria, the Yalta "agreement" on the liberation of the countries of Eastern Europe, the Potsdam "agreement" on a settlement for Germany?

Would the Nationalist Government of China, which held off for eight years an enemy who might otherwise have attacked Russia at a critical moment, have been the slightest bit worse off had it never recognized the Soviet Union and never signed with it a treaty of friendship purporting to regulate the situation in Manchuria, in 1945?

All of our recognition, all our war aid, all the compliments from Churchill, Roosevelt, Mackenzie King or Chiang Kai-shek for "our gallant ally", all of the concessions to Russia in setting up the UN, all of the arguments of all of our foreign ministers in all of the wartime and postwar conferences *never availed to pry loose the Soviet grip on any area that they had been able to take hold of, or win any "settlement" with which we could live.*

The real lesson of all this experience was compressed into a brief phrase by Dean Acheson—scarcely an idol of the shell-backs—who declared that we had to build "positions of strength" before we could negotiate fruitfully with the Soviets. Any agreements we made, he said, had to be "self-enforcing"; that is, they had to arise from situations where we had built up the strength and the position to ensure that the agreement was kept. Communists don't keep agreements unless you are in a position to make them do so. They don't make "honorable" agreements. In their philosophy you are just a sucker if you make an agreement you can't enforce.

It is from bitter experience that Eisenhower and Dulles have proclaimed that the U.S. "will not accept Communist promises in exchange for U.S. performance". To give a most appropriate example, they aren't making any more deals like the one at Yalta in which Roosevelt gave Russia a whole year's supplies for a Far Eastern campaign and undertook to see that China restored Russia's old imperialist rights to Manchuria's ports and railways, in return for the bare promise of the Soviets that they would give their support and friendship to the Nationalist Government of China.

The clear implication was that the Soviets were to give up supporting the Chinese Communists. Well, we learned all about that. Or did we? For here are



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people, in Delhi, in Ottawa, in Paris and in London, ready to take the promise of Chinese Communists and Soviet Communists that they will stop supporting Ho's Viet Minh forces and accept a "settlement" in Indo-China.

The starting point for any truly "realistic" view of the possibilities of a settlement in the Far East ought to be an examination of the "positions of strength" which would enable us to maintain that settlement.

Can anyone seriously maintain that a "settlement" now would leave the Chinese or the Soviet Communists discouraged, and feeling that their chances for expansion had passed? Never mind what they would *say* or *promise* at Geneva. The question is, what would they *think*, and what would the people of the Far East think? I suggest that they would think that a weak and half-baked government in Indo-China, and a war-weary people, leave that country wide open to their further penetration.

I suggest that they would be confident that Thailand would follow Indo-China—a view tentatively confirmed by the eagerness of the present Thai Government in being first to answer Dulles's call for "united action". I have believed for years they were only leaving Burma until such time as they are prepared to rouse India from its dream of Gandhian non-resistance and elevation of moral superiority to state policy. Divided and chaotic Indonesia would be a push-over in its turn. Even war-hardened South Korea will be in danger, once Syngman Rhee's firm grip is removed. And Japan is dependent for its very life on trade with these presently non-Communist countries.

How to build up the necessary positions of strength? There is already the powerful U.S. long-range bomber base on Okinawa. There is South Korea, with a large and well-equipped, battle-trained army. There is Formosa, with its sizable forces. There is the Philippines, under her vigorous new President, Magsaysay, who has shown tenacity and imagination in suppressing the Communist Hukbalahaps. There is Japan, now rebuilding its army and allied to the United States. There are New Zealand and Australia, joined with the U.S. in the Anzus Pact.

There is British strength in Malaya, sufficient to control that area under present conditions. There is the making of a nationalist regime and a large nationalist army in Indo-China, being trained by the French and armed by the Americans. There are, in Thailand and Burma, governments which have good intentions and are able to survive so long as the heat is not turned full on them.

What is needed, and has been needed for years, is to pull all this together into a regional defence pact, a sort of Pacific NATO. This has been much more difficult to form, however, than the Atlantic defence grouping. The trouble arises in bringing together West and East; recent imperialist powers and newly independent governments whose very basis of existence has been the struggle against imperialism; wealthy and sophisticated regimes and penniless and naive governments.

The great and special difficulty is that India will not play its part, and it should be the corner stone of this organization. If the Indian leaders, who have shown themselves big enough to bury much of their animosity against their recent British rulers, would give a lead, all of the weaker free Asian countries might follow. Had the Indians, indeed, been ready to play their part in defending South Korea against the original attack of June, 1950, one is bound to believe that China never would have intervened as she did, and would have played a much more careful game in Indo-China.

With the Indians in, the Asian nations would have a great and respected leader in such a defensive organization. Without India they are entirely over-shadowed by the mighty United States, and the somewhat less mighty but nonetheless modern, rich and industrialized states of Britain, France, Holland and—dare one add?—Canada.

But the Indians persist in playing in Asian politics something like the baleful role which the United States used to play in European affairs, standing aside wrapped in a toga of moral superiority, and giving advice. The armed strength which they might employ to save the freedom of all Asia they keep tied down in a squabble in Kashmir. And it is Indian policy, above all, which insists that the new nationalist governments of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia are only stooges of the French, while Ho Chi Minh is the real nationalist and anti-colonialist leader in Indo-China.

Now it is a curious thing that Canada's foreign policy leaders, because they feel friendly and sympathetic towards the Indians, have been strongly influenced by the Indian policy of neutrality in Asia, though they were in the forefront when it came to organizing an Atlantic and European security pact.

Mr. St. Laurent actually explained to the Indian parliament "the main and immediate purpose" of NATO in these terms: "It is to maintain that collective strength without which we could not confidently play our part in the search for negotiated settlements".

The cry from Ottawa that Canada cannot do anything in Indo-China unless ordered to by the United Nations comes strangely from the statesman who was the first to stand before that body—and I was there to applaud him—and say that because it was "divided by dissension and frozen in futility" the Atlantic nations would have to organize a regional pact, within the Charter, to provide for their own security.



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# Lighter Side

## *Correctly Furled*

By Mary Lowrey Ross

A NUMBER of disheartening little items about Men's Wear turned up recently in the press. This season, it seems, men's fashions will be Edwardian in feeling. The elegant will replace the casual, shoulders will be narrower and trousers will be tighter. Clothes will be cut as closely as possible to the shape of the customer. In fact, if the men's designers have their way, the male model, 1954, will be as correctly furled as his Edwardian umbrella.

The warm days will come and the woman of 1954 will step out in a minimum of nylon, looking as cool and fresh as something done up in aspic. Her escort will wear approximately the same casing of opaque cylinders that he wore in windy April. Only this year the casing will be a little tighter, and so will the weaves. ("Nubby and slubby fabrics will not be worn this season.")



The odd thing about the clothes of men and women is that women's clothes look silly but are fundamentally sensible, while men's clothes look sensible but are essentially absurd. Over the past half century women have never borrowed a single foolish idea from the male wardrobe; and men have never borrowed a sensible idea from ours.

In the long feminine striptease that began at the opening of the century, women shed successively their bustles, buckram linings, whalebone stays, petticoats, camisoles, long underwear, long skirts, long sleeves, long hair.

The corresponding male sacrifice over the same period has been approximately one collar-button.

Wherever possible women have adopted any male fashion that suited their comfort or convenience — the short hair, the pyjamas, the slacks and shorts and shirts. If we have never taken over the collar and tie, the suspenders, the half-hose, the encircling, unvarying male hat, it was because these items, from the feminine point of view, simply don't make sense.

Clothes that make sense to the feminine eye come as a rule in one piece and hang dependably from the shoulders. Men reject this practical notion and continue to rig themselves out with a variety of garments assembled about the waist, an arrangement that is both hazardous and absurd. (When Fred Allen was once challenged to invent a gag that would convulse everyone in the radio audience he simply dropped his pants and created not only a riot but the definitive joke on male clothes.)

In the matter of clothes, women are the hedonists, men the stoics. We like to be comfortable. Men prefer to endure. We adapt clothes to temperature, removing or adding as it suits us. Men apologize, or suffer. Living in a centrally-heated, air-conditioned world, they would probably die rather than invest in a pair of removable snuggies. They are terrified of any innovation that goes beyond changed lapels or higher button-placing.

There are, to be sure, exceptions. There is Sir Winston Churchill who fell in love with the wartime siren suit and has stuck to it wherever possible ever since. There was Maurice Maeterlinck who wore his hair long and kept it tidy with a hair-net and bobby-pins. There was the great Leon Bakst who startled the local press by turning up in a rich purple suit of his own designing. I have a very vivid memory, too, of Bliss Carman, with whom I once took a morning walk. Mr. Carman's hair waved to his shoulder, he wore a black opera cape with silver fastenings, and a black felt toreador hat trimmed with silver braid and tassels.

Under the patriarchal system sartorial ideas were freely exchangeable between the sexes. The Japanese Samurai, content in his kimona, was no less content because his wife or favorite was happy in hers. The Indian Maharajah didn't feel it necessary to rebuke his seraglio's taste for flamboyant color by reverting to black, navy, Oxford gray and charcoal brown.

The patriarch insisted on conformity, but he liked his conformity to be comfortable and he preferred it to be gaudy. All that the modern man seems to have inherited from that faraway system is the conformity. This season's conformity insists that his clothes will be dark, his shoulders narrow, his trousers tight. His suits will be cut as closely as possible to the shape of his person. I can't help feeling sorry for the poor fellow.




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# Letter from London

## *Aftermath of the Montagu Case*

By Beverley Nichols

THE other day, a small boy was taken down by his nanny to have tea at Chartwell, Sir Winston's country house. Not many small boys are so privileged, but this one's father happened to be Alan Lennox-Boyd, the Minister of Transport.

On the way down, the nanny impressed upon him the honor of the occasion. "You are going to see the greatest man in the world," she said. "Don't forget that, when you grow up. You will be able to say that you have seen the Greatest Man in the Whole World."

But alas, when they arrived, Sir Winston was resting in bed, so they had to have tea alone, and the little boy had to be content with playing by himself, while his nanny enjoyed a quiet gossip with some of the staff.



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Then they got into the car to drive home. "It is a great pity," said the nanny, "that you did not see Sir Winston."

"Oh, but I did see him!" said the boy.

This was what had happened. While the nanny's back was turned, the small boy had wandered out into the hall, where he saw the butler walking upstairs with a tea-tray. He tiptoed behind him, and when the butler opened the door, he entered with him.

He saw an old gentleman in bed, propped up on the pillows, studying a mass of papers.

He approached nearer. He said: "Excuse me, sir. But are you the Greatest Man in the Whole World?"

The old gentleman glared at him through his glasses. "Certainly," he replied. "I am the Greatest Man in the Whole World. And now, buzz off!"

THAT THE BRITISH people take an extraordinary delight in washing their dirty linen in public is provided by the Montagu case. For months, the irregular sexual urges of this unhappy young man have been front page news; and episodes which in most countries, if they had been discussed at all, would have been dismissed by a paragraph in a scandal sheet, have attracted more attention than the H-bomb, the Budget, or the war in Indo-China.

Although Lord Montagu and his associates are now in gaol, we have not heard the last of the case, and since it may well be the occasion of a revolution in British criminal procedure, it is worth more than passing mention. The facts are simple. The three principals are 26-year-old Lord Montagu of Beaulieu himself, who bears one of the noblest names in history, who has squired Princess Margaret on many occasions, and whose home, Palace House, Beaulieu, is one of the show places of England. Next comes his cousin, Captain Michael Pitt-Rivers, who had a record of exceptional gallantry in the war, and who, until now, was one of the most popular men in his county. Lastly, a journalist called Wildeblood.

These three men were accused, and convicted, of immoral practices with two young Air Force men who from all accounts, were no better than they should be. There was no question of the corruption of youth.

There is not a schoolboy in Britain, nor a schoolgirl, nor, for that matter, a maiden aunt, who has not been compelled to give this matter his or her attention.

Is this all to the bad? The immediate answer of the average citizen must be "Yes". He must feel as though an ugly mark had been smeared across the face of his country. But on second thoughts, one is not so sure.

For the case of Lord Montagu, in 1954, has had an impact on the national consciousness totally different from that of the case of Oscar Wilde in 1898. True,





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to the temptation to indulge in an orgy of filth, but most of the debate has been conducted in an atmosphere that would do credit to the consulting-room of a psychiatrist. For the first time in our history—or I believe in the history of any nation—the problem of sexual abnormality has been squarely faced and considered, not only as a crime punishable by law, but as a tragedy for which society must find some solution.

As an example of the high level on which the argument is being conducted, I need quote only the pamphlet issued by the Church Morality Council, a body whose members could hardly be accused of salaciousness. This pamphlet, which is selling by the tens of thousands, is a model of sanity and precision, and its conclusion is that British law, as it stands at the moment, does nothing to protect youth—which must be the first consideration—and nothing to help the sexually abnormal either to understand themselves or (which would be the ideal solution) to sublimate their instincts. Till now, the pamphlet points out, these people have been treated either as thugs or as criminal lunatics. In view of the fact that they are often persons of high intelligence, it recommends that every effort should be made to understand their dilemma, without endangering the morals of the rest of the community. Merely to hound them into prison is to turn them into potential enemies of society.

As I write, this painful and delicate matter is receiving the earnest attention of the Home Secretary. Novelists as eminent as E. M. Forster, journalists of the quality of Kingsley Martin, who is editor of the left-wing *New Statesman and Nation*, and Tory politicians as virile and influential as Sir Robert Boothby, have joined hands in a movement to amend the law, which—whether it succeeds or whether it fails—will mark a further step in the advance of the British people from the edge of the witch's pond.

In the meantime, one very disturbing feature of the case has shocked the public. It appears that it is now the practice of the British police to enter houses without the owner's permission, and to ransack their possessions without the authority of a search warrant. That is what happened in the case both of Lord Montagu and of Pitt-Rivers.

One of the difficulties of writing this letter is to strike the balance between the old and the new—to know when to switch the telescope, as it were, from the ancient constellations to the rising stars. Thus, I might expound on the passing of yet another London landmark, the famous old restaurant of Frascati's, which served its last dinner only last week. Frascati's was at its hey-day in the nineties and the early Edwardian days, it was the haunt of the great Marie Lloyd and the Gaiety Girls; and it has witnessed more cham-




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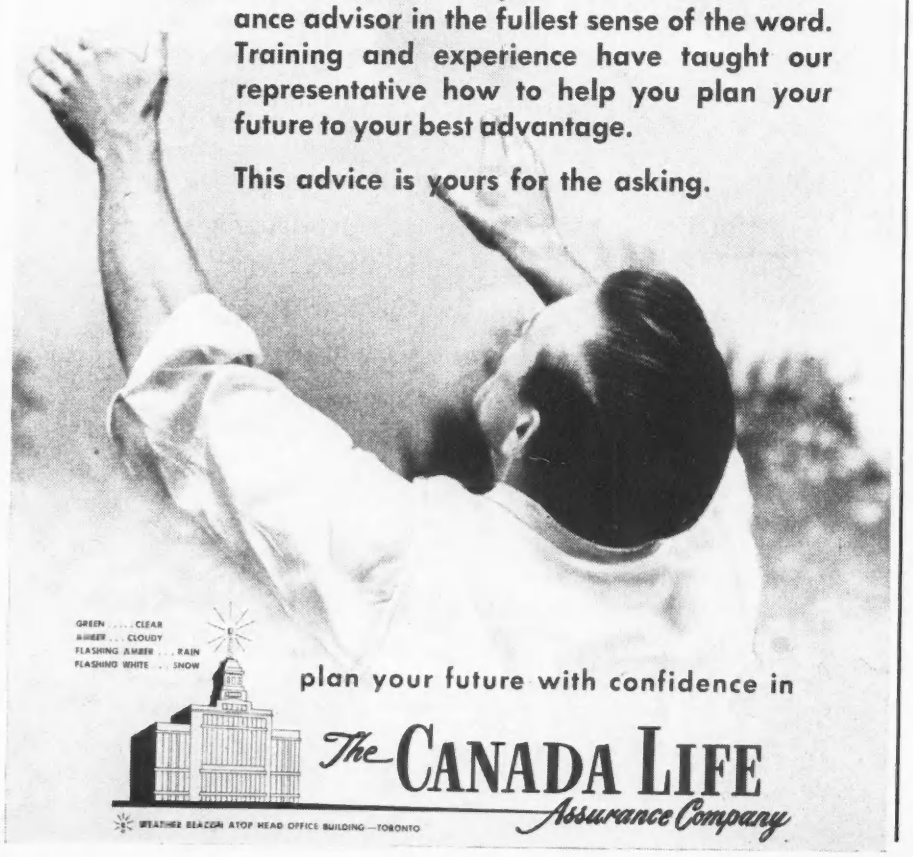
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pagne drunk out of more slippers than any restaurant in the world.

Now, the shutters are up. On the last night, an old man called Jim Nightingale cried softly to himself in the great emptied wine cellar. For thirty years he had been caring for some of the finest vintages in London. Now there was little left except an old bottle of brandy, 143 years old. It was the last bottle to be sent upstairs—to a party of young people who thought it was all very amusing and old-fashioned.

A twist of the telescope, and we are in a totally different world, among stars whose light had not even begun to twinkle in old Jim Nightingale's day. I want you to remember two of them. Firstly, Norman Wisdom, of whom you will certainly be hearing a great deal more in the years to come. The new Charlie Chaplin, say the critics, and for once I agree with them. He has a quite extraordinary genius.

And the other star: Dorothy Tutin. This time, the critics are saying "The new Duse", which seems slightly absurd for a little girl of twenty-three. But wait until you see her! She plays the lead in one of the few smash hits of the present season—John Van Druten's *I Am A Camera*. I went along with John to have tea with her the other day, and that is a story in itself. For though Dorothy is beautiful, though her name is in big lights, and though she has leapt to fame in a part of extreme sophistication, she lives, of all places, in a little barge on the river Thames.

That is one of the eternal fascinations of London, I thought, as John and I walked away from our appointment on a lovely Spring evening—its infinite capacity for surprise. You never know what you are going to see next. Consider this very Chelsea Embankment, where we paused to lean over the parapet. Admittedly, you see a great many things that you *had* expected to see. You see Battersea Bridge, swiftly sketched in charcoal on a canvas that has been washed with pale lavenders.

You see boats of every description, passing across the foreground like toys drawn by invisible wires—low black barges, tugs, steamers, police launches, shabby little yachts. You see the mud as the tide goes out, and on the mud, huddled together in the shelter of the wall, you see the swans—flock upon flock of swans, with their feathers sadly soiled.

All these things, if you are a Londoner, you were prepared for. You were even prepared for the remarkable collection of ramshackle floating dwellings — "houseboats" would be too elegant a word for them—in which some Londoners have decided to make a home.

What you were *not* prepared to see, emerging from one of these strange and cave-like retreats, is a beautiful young actress who is one of the brightest stars in the London theatre.

# Television

## *See Any Bad Movies Lately?*

By Hugh Garner

AFTER WATCHING the presentation of the Academy of Moving Picture Arts and Sciences awards over TV we are convinced that Hollywood should be chosen as the site of all future hydrogen bomb tests; the loss to arts and sciences would be practically nil, and the contamination falling on this Baghdad of Boobery would pay back in small measure for the contamination of millions of human lives by the alpha and beta rays of forty years of Hollywood mush. A graph showing the entertainment level of the moving picture from *Birth of a Nation* to *From Here to Eternity* would consist of a few scattered peaks separated by chasms deeper than Death Valley and wider than Lauren Bacall's smile on CinemaScope. The most fatuous slogan since "Remember the Maine!" has been the desperate, "Movies Are Better Than Ever", a press-agent's claim that has as much relation to fact as *The Robe* has to Christian theology.

Let's face it, movies are a fast-vanishing phase of folk entertainment, and the proprietors of neighborhood movie-houses are relying for nourishment on several generations of wadded gum stuck beneath the seats, and the cindered residue from the waste pans of their popcorn machines. To these gentlemen, who have lost their customers to television, we offer our condolences and the hope that they put the profits from the lush years into government annuities. In five years' time, in the areas covered by television reception, the neighborhood movie will have reverted to a delicatessen or an Army & Navy store, bringing its life full cycle.



*Miller*

*SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER: Is Hamlet making a second circuit?*

Although the movie exhibitor and distributor have been left holding the bag, the movie-makers are in possession of millions of dollars' worth of celluloid assets, which they are now trying to peddle to the television net-works. To those of us who are tiring of a steady diet of third-rate foreign films and sixth-rate American movies (circa 1938) over our television screens, the millenium is at hand. From now on we can expect to watch Hollywood productions dating back only to 1941. The women's hair will be longer and their skirts shorter, and we will have the vague recollection of seeing the picture once before in a Naafi or Sally Ann Hostel, but it may be a welcome change at that from "Jazz With Jackson" or "I Led Three Lives".

At the time of writing, the Bank of America is on the point of signing a contract permitting television use of thirty movie films, starring such luminaries as Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer, Ava Gardner, William Powell, Olivia De Havilland and Dorothy Lamour; and Chesapeake Industries, the parent company of the defunct Eagle-Lion Films, is negotiating for the sale to TV of ten pictures, which feature such stars as Robert Preston, Susan Hayward and Arlene Dahl. Both film and television people are watching with great interest the moves of Howard Hughes, who is acquiring the total assets of RKO Pictures Corporation. Among these assets are more than 1,000 old movies.

General Teleradio Corporation, part owner of the Mutual Broadcasting Company, expects soon to conclude arrangements with the Bank of America to purchase its thirty pictures, including *Arch of Triumph, Body and Soul,* and *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid.* These pictures will be leased for four years for more than $1¼ million, making them average out at about $42,000 a picture, which will be the highest price to date for TV films. The thirty films in this deal were shot by independent producers, and with the exception of *Body and Soul,* starring the late John Garfield, none was a box-office




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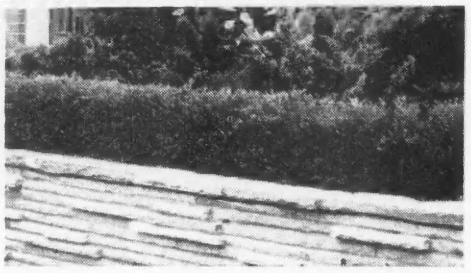
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hit (which is the main reason why they became the property of the bank). They represent the era 1945 to 1949, a fact which will tend to lower the hemlines in TV movies as well as the morale of the viewer.

In this deal General Teleradio Corporation will acquire the TV rights for the U.S.A. and Canada, and will rent the films to individual stations, while Chesapeake Industries is willing to turn over its pictures for about $300,000 to a newly-formed distribution group, for five-year rights similar to those of General Teleradio. Both the Bank of America and Chesapeake Industries will retrieve all rights to the movies after the TV leasing contracts end.

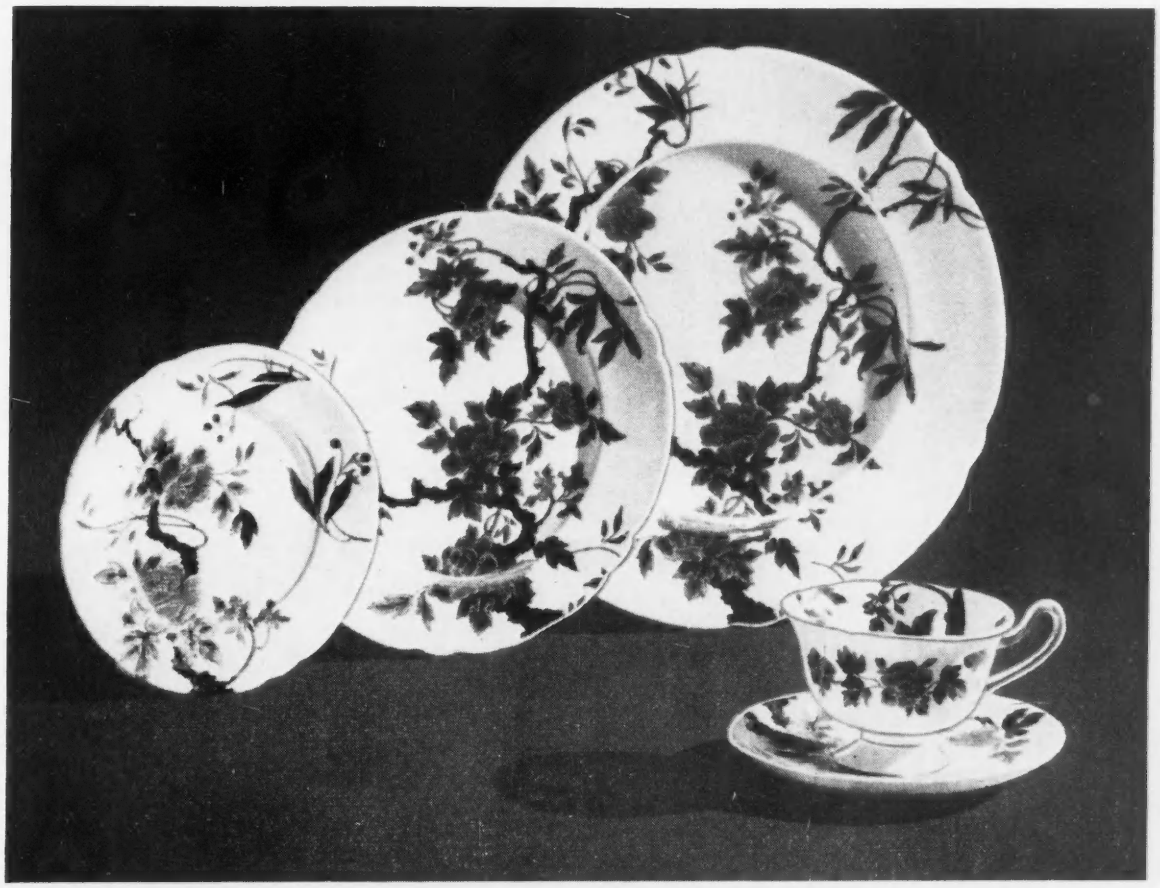
Up to now about 3,000 feature films have been shown on TV, almost all of them at prices to the networks of $20,000 or less. A distributor has been able to get as much as $6,000 from a New York or Los Angeles station for the right to show for a maximum of seven times such movies as *Up in Mabel's Room* (1944). In many cities, however, the top price is only $100, and even in New York many pictures bring in only $300. Among some recent TV movies were *Caged Fury*, starring Buster Crabbe and Mary Beth Hughes (1948), *I Wouldn't Be In Your Shoes*, with Don Castle and Elyse Knox (1948) and *Down in Arkansaw*, a 1938-epic produced by Republic Films.

The movie people consider these prices to be far less than they can get for their old films by re-issuing them to the dwindling movie-houses. Some of the latest reissues were *The Lost Weekend* (1945), *The Egg and I* and *Hamlet*. Warner Bros. recently released *Little Caesar* (1930) and *Public Enemy* (1931), and they are expected to bring in $750,000 on the second time around the popcorn circuit.

We shudder to think what might be the result if Howard Hughes should sell a thousand old RKO movies to TV, but it will be worse still if MGM should ever unload *its* collection of Technicolored junk on the unsuspecting home viewer. A foretaste of things to come is in the title list of the gooseberries being peddled by the Bank of America. Among them are: *The Fabulous Dorseys, Northwest Stampede, Ruthless, The Senator Was Indiscreet, Lulu Belle, The Lost Moment, Casbah, The Countess of Monte Cristo, The Private Affairs of Bel Ami, The Man From Texas* and *Lost Honeymoon*.

We warn the prospective sponsors of these old movies that we will never use their products again if such films appear on our television screen, even if it means riding a bicycle, brushing our teeth with baking soda and washing our neck with home-made soap. And the first time we are forced to watch an old William Haines movie will be the last day we will own a television set, whether all the payments are completed or not.

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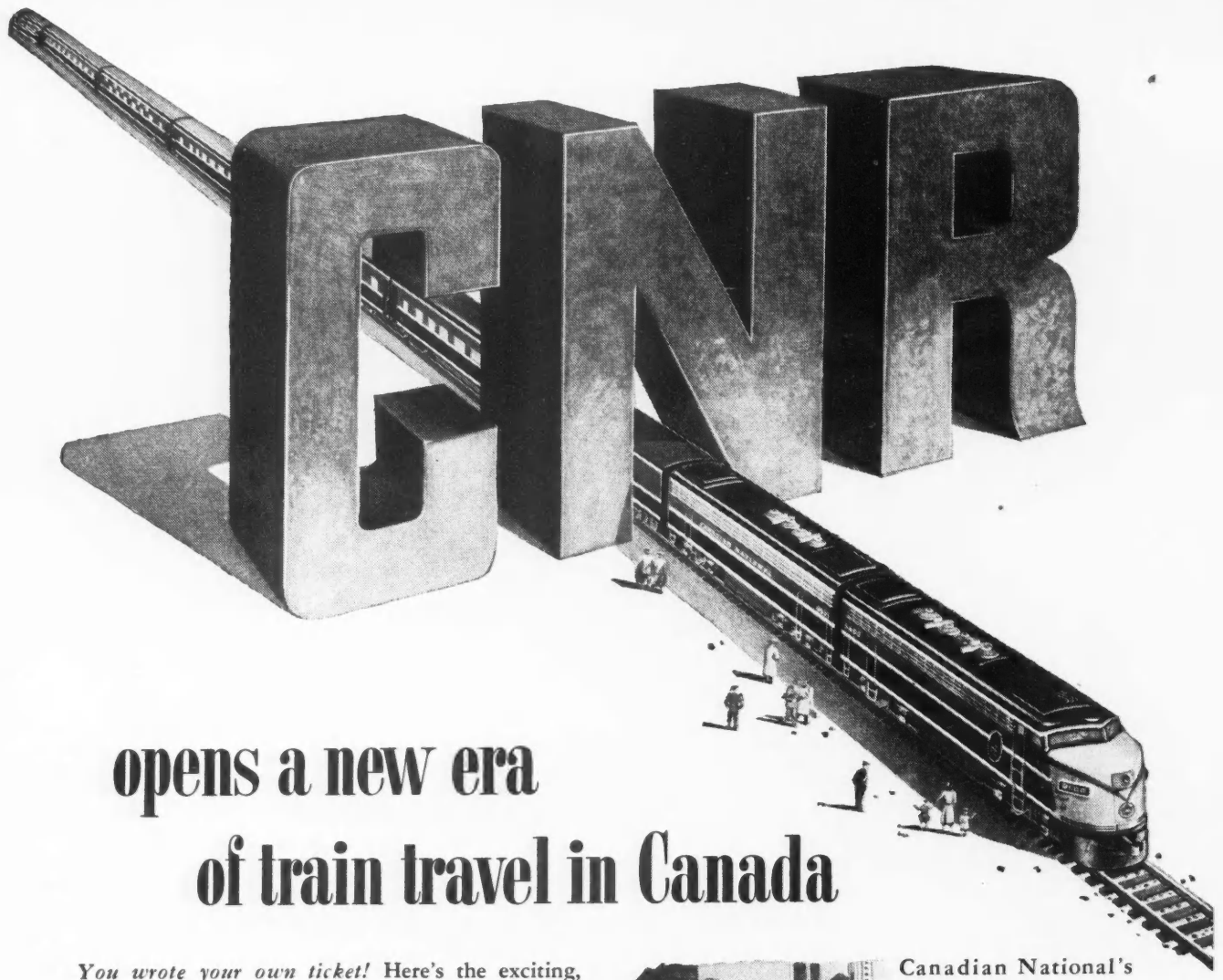
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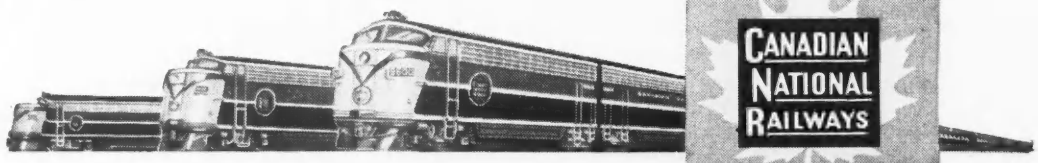
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# Ottawa Letter

## *Budget Inspires More Sorrow Than Savagery*

By John A. Stevenson

THE DEPLORABLY LARGE contingent of members of the House of Commons who anticipated the adjournment for the Easter recess and did not bother to attend the opening stages of the Budget debate, must raise a suspicion that the recent generous increase in their remuneration has not produced in these absentees an increased sense of responsibility about their duty to their constituents.

The temperate lead given by J. M. Macdonnell (PC, Toronto Greenwood) has been followed by nearly all the other speakers and a preference for sorrowful rebuke instead of indignant protest in the criticisms offered by the opposition has kept the Budget debate free from controversial acrimony.

Naturally the Liberal speakers had no fault to find with the Budget and acclaimed it as evidence of very skilful stewardship of the national finances. The quarrel with the government of Quebec about taxation had to receive attention and, when Prime Minister St. Laurent decided to postpone his expected pronouncement on the subject, he made no mistake in entrusting the task of expounding the Federal Government's case to the youngest Minister from Quebec and the Cabinet's latest recruit, the Hon. Jean Lesage.

Marshalling his arguments in logical sequence and making deft use of statistics, Mr. Lesage showed clearly that the uncooperative attitude of Mr. Duplessis was depriving Quebec of $28 million a year and that compliance with the demand for the deduction of the whole of the provincial income tax from the Federal levy would wreck the structure of the financial arrangements which all the other provinces had accepted and found satisfactory. He was well seconded by another French-speaking Liberal, Joseph Fontaine, (St. Hyacinthe), who went to the root of the matter when he said that Mr. Duplessis did not understand the meaning of the words "national unity", that he had always considered the rest of the country outside of Quebec as a foreign nation, the government at Ottawa as a naturally hostile body and Quebec's Federal members as non-existent.

Of the other Liberal speakers, A. J. McEachen (Inverness, NS), again demonstrated that his experience as a teacher of economics had given him a broader understanding of social and economic problems than the average member possesses. David Croll (Toronto Spadina), after a brief commendation of the Budget because it favored free competition, concentrated upon a timely lecture to critics of the Combines Investigation Act, which he claimed was now being administered with vigor and efficiency to safeguard the interests of the consumers.

The sum of the criticisms offered by Mr. Macdonnell, with which other spokesmen of all the parties in opposition concurred later, was that Mr. Abbott had produced a Budget of blank negation, which neglected the unemployment problem, offered no real relief to the taxpayers, did nothing to break the blockade of wheat, indicated no zeal for economy or more efficient administration and gave no assurance against another spate of inflation; its unwarranted optimism about the prospects of our economy in 1954 was a poor substitute for the prudence and economy which were badly needed, he thought.



*Capital Press*

*DAVID CROLL: Timely lecture.*

Mr. Drew devoted most of a comparatively brief speech to a reiteration of his oft-expressed view that the Government, by trying to make permanent tax arrangements which were at their inception specifically declared to be temporary, was undermining the foundations of Confederation and that other provinces were as anxious as Quebec about the fate of their provincial rights. He appealed to the Prime Minister to invite without delay the Premiers of all the ten provinces to a Conference at Ottawa for the purpose of rebuilding the now menaced Federal structure.

Mr. Coldwell, for the CCF, supported the Cabinet's decision about the demands of Quebec, but he told the Liberals bluntly that they were now harvesting the crop of tares sown by the type of propaganda that they had employed for years in Quebec to further their own political interests. Otherwise he saw few merits in the Budget and bewailed its failure to give a real stimulus to purchasing power by raising the exemptions in income tax to $1500 for single persons and $3000 for married couples.

An admission by Mr. Howe that it would probably not be possible for the Canadian Wheat Board to take delivery of more than half of the wheat crop of 1953 before the close of the current crop year on July 31 spurred Socialist members from Saskatchewan like H. R. Argue (CCF, Assiniboia) and G. H. Castleden (CCF, Yorkton) to dilate upon the hardships which many prairie farmers were enduring through the inadequacy of the returns for their labors and to demand advances on grain still stored on farms. The Social Credit leader, Solon Low, would not accept the Government's thesis that the present recession was not serious and argued that the only real assurance against recurring depressions was a new monetary policy, which would always equate national purchasing power with the volume of the national product.

The tragic death of Rodney Adamson has been deeply lamented by all members of the Commons, as his cheerful friendliness and his wit had won for him general popularity. He never pretended to be a political genius but he was for 13 years an excellent private member, who had streaks of originality and independence and he was also a well-informed specialist on problems relating to mining and other natural resources. It was also fitting that the rule that only members of the current Parliament and former Prime Ministers should be the subject of obituary tributes should be waived to allow spokesmen of all parties to voice their appreciation of the virtues and services of a distinguished and popular former member, the Hon. Angus L. Macdonald.

ON THE need for policies which would revive our export trade has been a recurring theme in the speeches of the opposition, and there was considerable justification for Solon Low's complaint that "we stand idly by and watch our best traditional market, certainly our present best potential market, filled from behind the iron curtain". Far too little attention is being paid in Canada to the remarkable shift that has occurred in the trade policy of Russia and the response of the countries of Western Europe, and particularly of Britain, to it. The first sign of a

change came from the Russian delegation at a conference on trade held in April, 1953 under the auspices of the United Nations' Economic Commission for Europe. A result of this meeting was a number of bilateral trade agreements, among which new pacts between Russia and several western countries, including France, were the most important.

The subsequent announcement by I. G. Kabanov, Russia's Minister for Trade, that his country was ready to place in Britain during the next three years orders worth more than £400 million ($1,100 million) took the British Government completely by surprise and, when it adopted a passive attitude towards this overture, British business interests, desperate for fresh markets, seized the chance offered and sent agents to Russia. As a result they have already secured firm contracts for goods worth £16 million (roughly $43,500,000) and are negotiating for additional orders worth £48 million ($130,500,000). So far the bulk of these orders has been for ships, machine tools, equipment for power plants, and machinery for manufacturing consumers' goods.

Some of the articles which the Russians want to buy will be denied them because they come under the ban imposed upon exports of strategic materials to Communist countries, but the British Board of Trade estimates more than two-fifths of the £400 million worth of orders proposed by Mr. Kabanov will be outside the ban. This proportion will be increased if the pressure now being applied, with the approval of Sir Winston Churchill, for a more liberal interpretation of the term "strategic exports", is successful. Moreover, some of Russia's satellites, like Hungary, which has just placed in Britain orders for about £9 million worth of goods, are following her example.

Such developments suggest that the British may soon enjoy such an expansion of trade with the Communist bloc that it will form a substantial proportion of her total overseas trade. The recent sale of £30 million worth of gold bullion to Britain by Russia indicates her ability to finance an extensive program of buying. Intimation has been made that during the next few years she will enlarge the amount of her purchases from Britain above the figure announced by Mr. Kabanov, provided Britain increases her imports from Russia. Grain, lumber, minerals and cotton are the commodities that Russia is most likely to have available for export in large quantities and they have all been involving a heavy drain upon Britain's limited supply of dollars. So Canada's grain, lumber and minerals may soon be meeting with formidable competition from Russia in the British market. All things being equal, the British would prefer to buy from Canada rather than from Russia, but they never were prone to let sentiment affect their business transactions.

Our government may not see the need for energetic action to conserve what remains of our export trade with Britain, but J. S. Duncan, the Chairman of the Dollar-Sterling Trade Advisory Council, realizes it and, knowing that the best method of achieving this end is to enable Britain to earn more Canadian dollars by exports, he has launched an intensive campaign with this objective. He points out that in 1953 Canada purchased from the United States roughly $3,221 million worth of goods, which was seven times more than the value of our purchases from Britain, and a trade deficit of $758 million with our neighbor is not a healthy economic situation. He contends that if Canadians would only curtail their imports from the United States by 7 per cent per annum and switch their purchases to Britain to this extent, the latter country would have its trade deficit with us wiped out and be in a much better position to buy Canadian products.

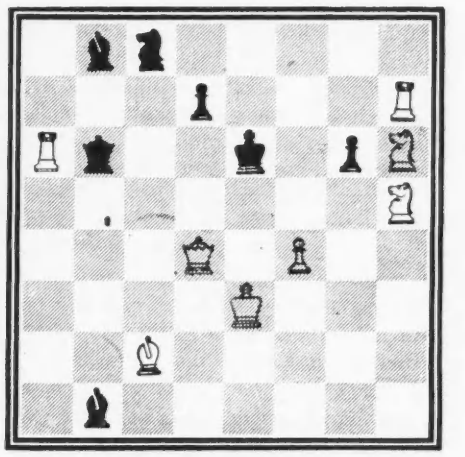
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## *Chess Problem*

THIRD in our quartet of the Old School of composers, Adolf Anderssen was born in Breslau on July 6, 1818, and died on March 14, 1879. He had a zest for thrilling keys, brilliant combinations and the element of surprise, in contrast to d'Orville, with his relish for beauty of form. Anderssen was also the first thematic composer. He made two problem collections, dating from 1842 and 1852.

In the end Anderssen abandoned problems in favor of competition, and held the world's title from 1851 to 1858 and again from 1862 to 1866.

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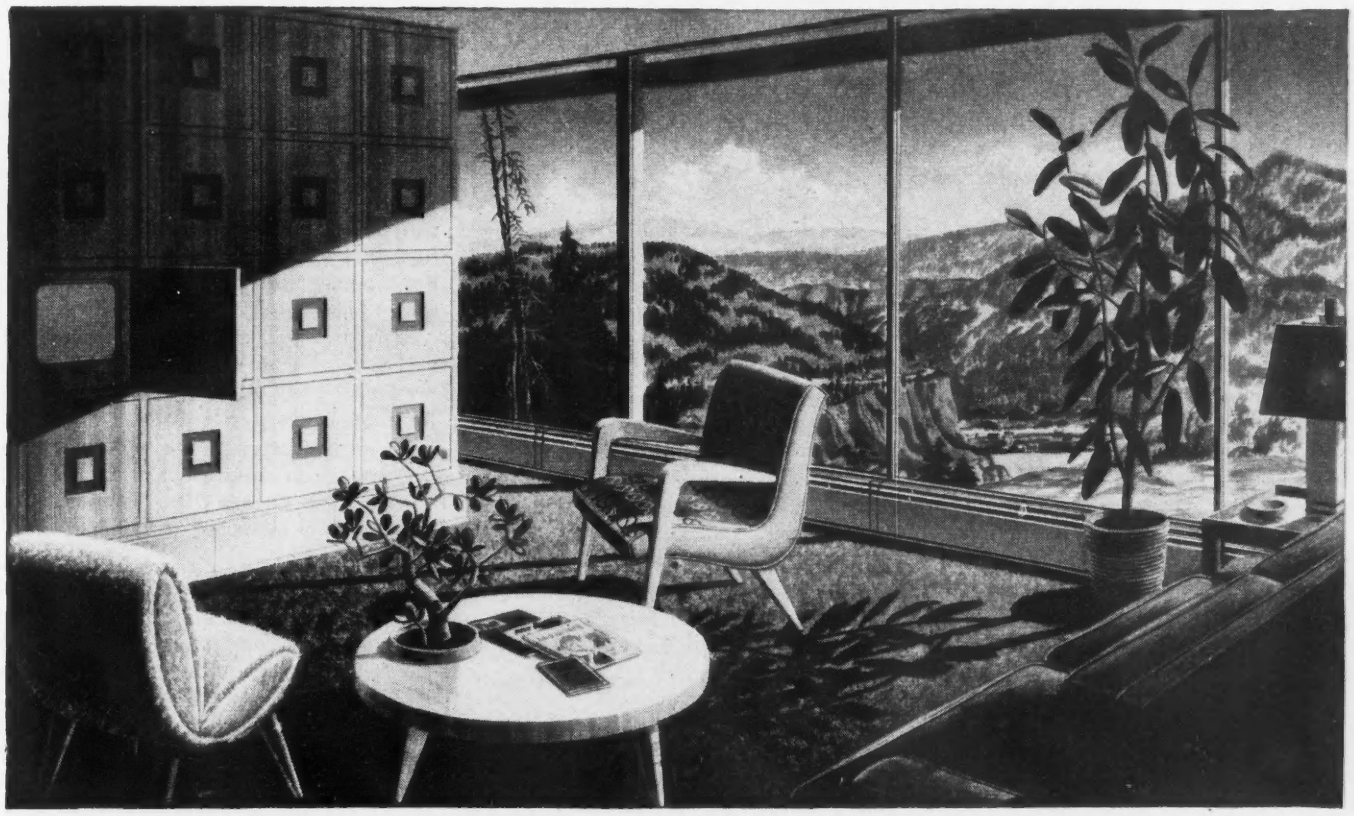


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# Films

## *Life and the Movies*

By Mary Lowrey Ross

IN THE FOREWORD to a current attraction inverts the familiar complaint, "Why aren't the movies more like life?" into "Why isn't life more like the movies?" Then it gives us *Red Garters*.

If life were like *Red Garters* the world would be colored a searing vermilion, varied by custard yellow; the funniest sight you would likely see would be Jack Carson falling off a standing horse; every scene would bustle with bouncy girls and high-spirited Mexicans in tight pants; all the songs would have endless verses and all the jokes would go on repeating themselves. Life, in fact, would be a television program you couldn't turn off, with a plot that sent you to sleep and a sound-track to prod you awake again. Does anyone want to settle for that?

The cast here is headed by Jack Carson and Rosemary Clooney. Jack Carson, who can be a very funny man with half a chance, is given less than half a chance here, but takes it good-naturedly.

If life were a little more like the movies, Tyrone Power would probably have settled the problem of British rule in India for at least two or three hundred years. In *King of the Khyber Rifles* he plays a valiant British officer who is excluded from social gatherings by his fellow officers because his mother happened to be a Moslem. Fortunately for them,



*20th Century-Fox*

*TYRONE POWER: For the Empire.*

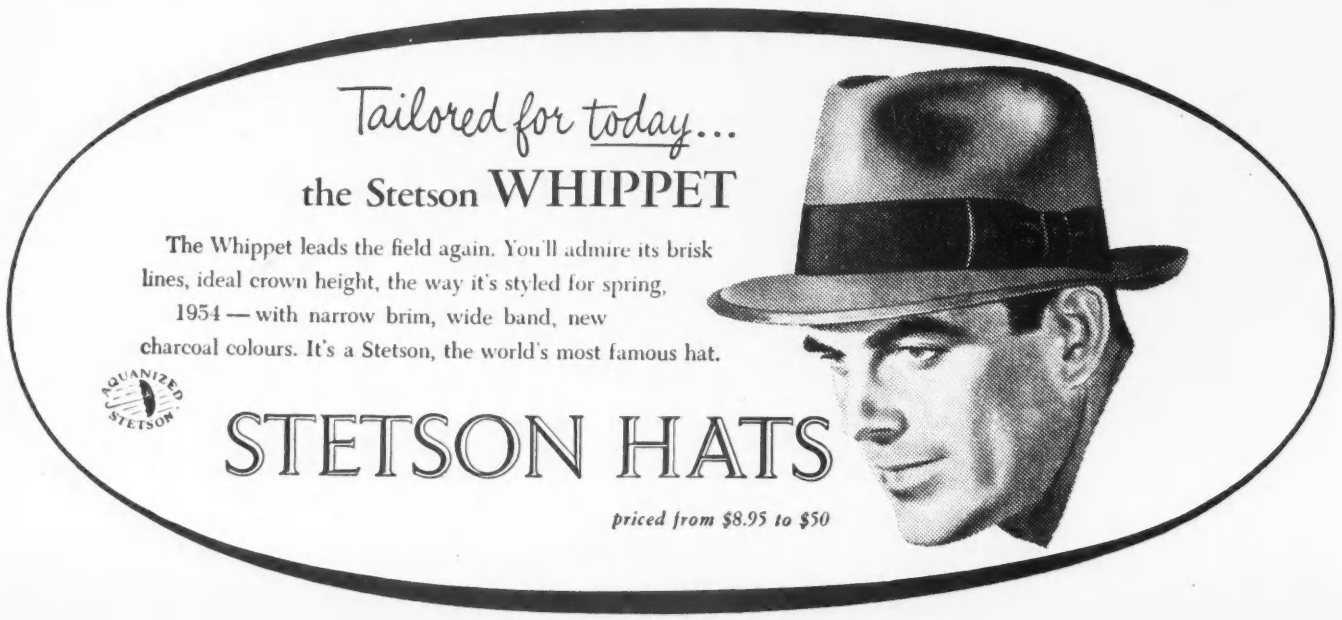
however, he is a great hand with the natives and can always be relied on to straighten things out when there is trouble in the hills. It seems he understands both the native heart and lingo, knows every inch of the terrain and in addition is handsome, just, fearless and indestructible. As a result, his influence on restless populations is roughly equivalent to Nehru's, or even the late Mahatma Gandhi's. It is exerted in the opposite direction, however. In spite of snubs from his English brothers-in-arms, he remains staunchly British at heart and wants to save India for the Empire. (The time is 1857, when this was considered a respectable idea.)

Unfortunately for the hero and the picture, he gets involved with his General's daughter (Terry Moore). She, it seems, doesn't share the color prejudices of the garrison and keeps bouncing into the hero's private quarters asking him to tell her that he loves her. This distracts him from the more serious problems of whether or not he should go out and kill his foster-brother, a tribal chief who is brewing trouble for the Empire in the hills. This problem weighs heavily, too, on the heroine's father (Michael Rennie), who has to choose between the probable loss of a valuable officer and the possibility of massacre, or worse still, miscegenation.

In the end, the hero settles matters by marching off with a handful of loyal natives to surprise the enemy in his hilly fortress. It's a job that would require about five thousand men and the attacking party has to fight Enfield rifles with knives, but if you know your movies, you won't need to be told which side wins, or how the General resolves his scruples about accepting a Moslem son-in-law.

As long as Terry Moore, a rudimentary performer, can be kept out of the picture, *King of the Khyber Rifles* is sufficiently stirring in a muscular, if familiar, way.

*The Boy from Oklahoma* presents Will Rogers, junior, in a mild Western whose sheriff can't handle firearms, but is mighty handy with a lasso. Though younger and a little less gnarled than his famous father, the star easily captures the famous Rogers mannerisms — the drawl, the slouch, the air of folksy quizzical candor. In spite of the moments of vivid resemblance, however, it is still an impersonation rather than a characterization and will do little to re-establish the Will Rogers legend among younger moviegoers. What seems to be lacking is Will Rogers's odd capacity for creating affection even in a picture that lacked every other interest. Oldtimers will probably reflect sadly that a boy has been sent to do a man's work.

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*HARRY GUY BARTHOLOMEW: His audacity was unrationed.*

# *The Story of the Mirror: Growth of a Legend*

PART IV: By HUGH CUDLIPP

THROUGHOUT THE ERAS of Northcliffe and Rothermere, Harry Guy Bartholomew played a prominent part in the story of the *Mirror*. He had never been in command, though his eventual ascendancy was inevitable.

Zest, originality and audacity were unrationed in this singular character, and he had few outside interests to divert his talents during the years of fretful waiting. The success and the scope he enjoyed early in life were not enough, for "Bart" was restless. When he achieved ultimate power in 1944 his colleagues were to pay for the frustrations he endured in earlier years at the hands of uninspired men who were jealous of their own seniority. Bartholomew spat the bit from his mouth and snapped the guiding rein; he galloped on at a furious pace, outdistancing all around him, clearing all fences, trampling down all opposition, contemptuous of caution, heedless of danger, foaming and neighing, sparing neither himself nor others.

And in his headlong, headstrong rush, he raised the paper to the greatest daily sale the world has ever seen. Northcliffe was the first genius whose name appeared in this narrative, for he created the *Mail* and the *Mirror*. Bartholomew is the second; he re-created the *Mirror*.

I have met men who feared him, many who respected him, none who loved him, but only one who said he hated him.

"Bart" joined the paper in January, 1904 (circulation 25,000) on the eve of its conversion into a picture paper. His name appears in the first Wages Book: "H. G. Bartholomew, 30s."

He came from the engraving department of Northcliffe's *Illustrated Mail*, and Hannen Swaffer, speaking of "Bart's" years as his assistant art editor, has praised his technical skill: "If the staff had gone home, 'Bart' would develop a negative, make a print and then make a block, which he handed to me finished".

It was necessary once to transport an elephant from the Continent, and no one was surprised when young Guy Bartholomew volunteered for the job. He also specialized in schemes to bedevil the opposition, particularly if the opposition newspaper was in the same financial group.

In 1913, at the age of twenty-eight, he became a director, appointed by Northcliffe at one of the two *Mirror* meetings over which he presided. The Legend began to form and grow.

Bernard Grant described "Bart's" zeal in a race to London with the first pictures of a royal visit to Paris in 1914, recording how the driver of the French train "seemed to forget all else but the rustling of banknotes in the hands of our art director as he urged him to break the record for the run to Calais".

In the history of radio transmission of pictures Harry Guy Bartholomew holds a notable place, for he and an assistant named Macfarlane produced the Bartlane process, basing their developments on the early experiments of a German professor. "Bart" would arrive at the office long before the day staff and devote the early hours to adjusting his transmitters and plotting electric circuits.

In 1923 he succeeded in cabling across the Atlantic pictures of the Shamrock's race for the America's Cup.

By the end of 1934, three years after Rothermere had sold his shares in the newspaper, editorial direction was in the hands of Bartholomew. "Bart" at fifty-one was not a well-read man, and he had never attempted to write for the Press himself. His approach to the problem was not scientific: he relied on his instinct and his instinct rarely failed him.

The picture paper had lost its novelty. Public interest waned and by 1934 diminishing circulations were causing dismay in both the *Mirror* and the *Daily Sketch* offices. With a sale of below 800,000, gradually sinking towards 700,000, the *Mirror* was in peril of extinction; the danger point had been reached and a new policy was imperative.

"Bart" found himself in command of a newspaper which had sunk into a coma. The *Mirror* printed news and views that all the other papers printed; it had no identity, no personality of its own.

It directed its appeal to the declining but still well-to-do middle class. It was the paper for the folk who annually holidayed for a month or so in Scotland or the South of France, enjoyed the long weekend, had tea at the tennis club and motored in the country. And it was upon this newspaper, with these pressing problems, that practical, resourceful, energetic, theatrical Harry Guy Bartholomew was turned loose.

For thirty years he had helped to organize some of the paper's finest pictorial triumphs: now, though still occasionally subdued by the baleful glances of an aging Chairman, he could begin to put into operation his own ideas in every department.

The professional impertinence which transformed a newspaper demise into a newspaper resurrection began to gather momentum.

*(This is the fourth of eight excerpts from the highly successful book by Hugh Cudlipp, "Publish and Be Damned"—pp. 292 indexed—S. J. Reginald Saunders—$2.75. The fifth instalment will appear in next week's issue.)*

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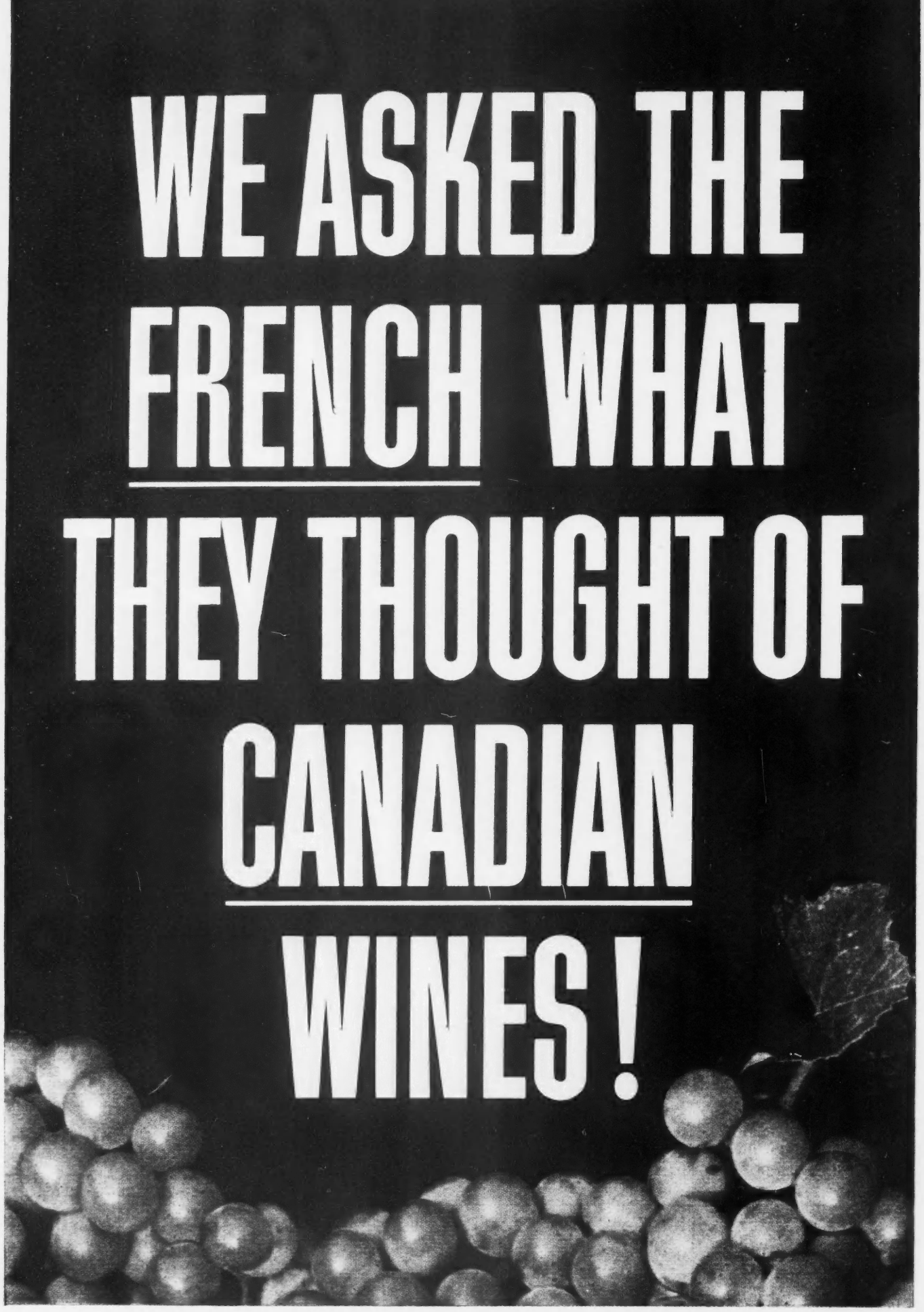
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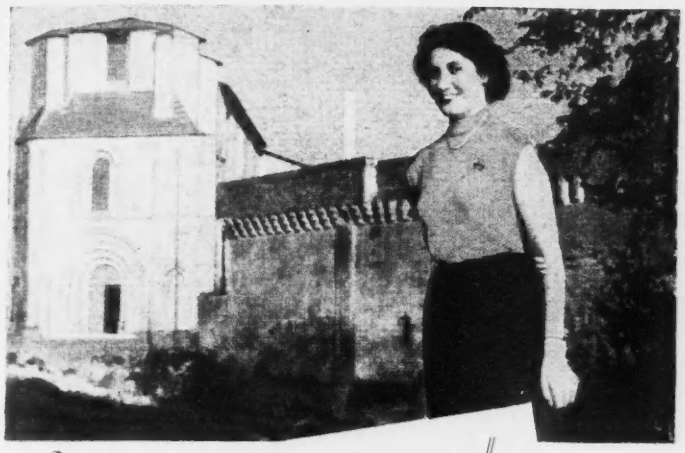
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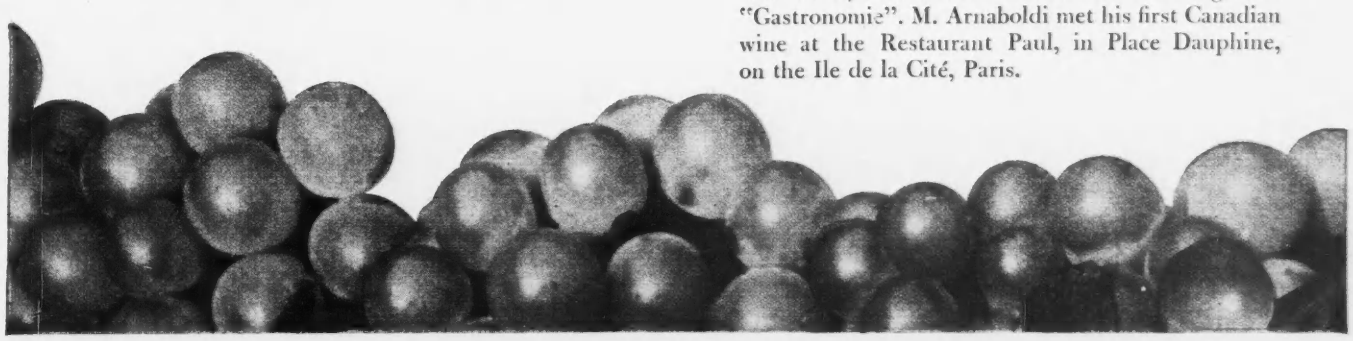
*"A truly fine wine"* was the comment of M. Fernand Grivelet who savored his first Canadian wine in his beautiful Chateau Chambolle-Musigny. M. Grivelet heads his own firm of Burgundy wine growers.

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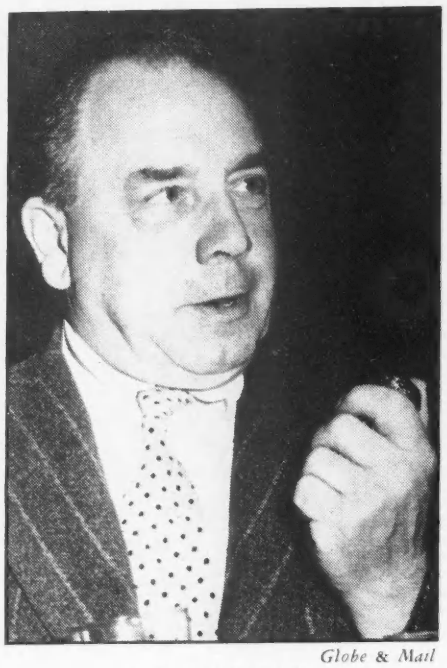
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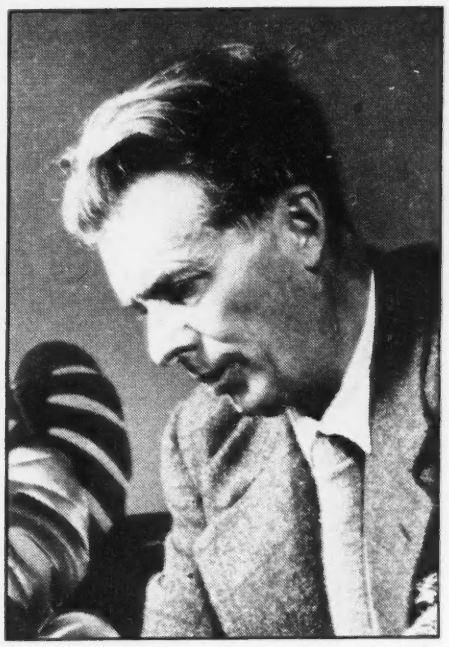
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# Books

## *The Questers*

### By Robertson Davies

THOUGH AT FIRST GLANCE some readers may find it strange that I should link the names of Aldous Huxley and J. B. Priestley in this article, I hope to show that they have certain important characteristics in common. Both men have lost some of the popularity which they enjoyed in their younger days; both have experienced this loss because they have attempted to probe farther into fundamental matters of experience and belief than their popular following was prepared to go with them; both are now widely misunderstood men.

It is a great temptation for an author to become rigid in the mould of his first great popularity. Huxley and Priestley will both be sixty this year. Huxley reached the peak of his early success with *Point Counter Point* in 1928; Priestley, with *The Good Companions* in the year following. They could have stuck there, and for the past twenty-five years they could have turned out work of much that quality, becoming a little slicker and a little more mechanical at each repetition, and they would have increased their number of readers with every book. But they have continued, obstinately, to grow, as real men of letters should. A boxer has probably seen his best days before he is thirty; a writer, if he has anything in him, is probably ready to do his best work by the time he is sixty. (Poets, for excellent but complex reasons, cannot be included in this generality.) Huxley and Priestley have grown a great deal since they became big names, and unless something goes very much astray their finest work has yet to be written.

Characteristic of both men is a discontent with the world of appearances, and the limitations of ordinary human experience. This discontent has made Priestley a wistful and somewhat angry man, and it has made Huxley a student of mysticism and a bit of a crank. But these are superficial aspects of the intellectual pilgrimage which they are making. Two books which lie before me give us a key to what is deeper in their quest.

Priestley's book is a novel, called *The Magicians.* The plot may be summarized briefly: Sir Charles Ravenstreet, an electrical engineer, finds that, in his middle fifties, he has been nosed out of the company which he helped to make, and is at a loose end. He has no talent for leisure, and is soon drawn into association with Lord Mervil, a very powerful *entrepreneur* who proposes to manufacture for popular sale a drug which provides the taker with a sense of freedom from anxiety and responsibility—cheap as aspirin, no hangover and not creative of addiction. Mervil sees his find as a substitute for al-



Clarke Irwin

cohol and tobacco, and as a means of reducing the bulk of mankind to amiable obedience. But through an accident Ravenstreet meets three eccentric old men who expose Mervil's plan for a plot against mankind, and introduce Ravenstreet to a wisdom of their own—a change of one's personal attitude toward the passing of time—which restores his zest for life.

Thus summarized, the book does not sound particularly good. But it *is* good, because Priestley is one of the ablest living practitioners of the neglected art of telling a story. He has been much derided by critics who do not like his kind of story-telling—which is of the English, rather than the Continental tradition—and who think that because he writes about commonplace people he must himself be commonplace. I dissent sharply from this view: I think that his scope is wide, and his psychological insight keen. He is a true creator of character; I can recall whole scenes from *Festival at Farbridge*, a not very good novel which he wrote in 1950, though I have forgotten completely highly praised books by "brilliant" writers which I read six months ago. Priestley is a man of large and powerful abilities, and in his plays and novels he has given a picture of the externals of his time, and of their internal stresses and longings, which has not been equalled by more than half a dozen of his contemporaries.

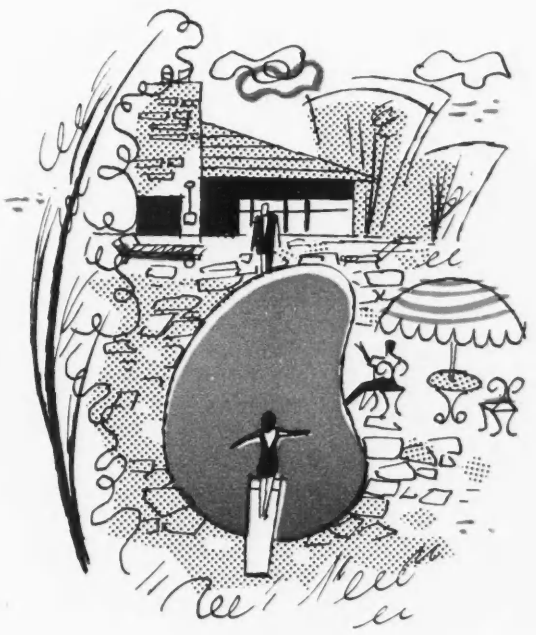
In *The Magicians* this sense of longing is particularly poignant, and though the resolution of Ravenstreet's problem is neither complete nor clear, it is honest: man's salvation in a despairing world lies, to a great extent, within his own power; let him exert that power and external help will be vouchsafed to him.

Huxley's latest book, little more than a pamphlet, is called *The Doors of Perception*, and it is a description of his experiences after taking four-tenths of a gramme of mescalin, a drug extracted from a type of cactus. For centuries Indians have eaten mescalin, and it is very like the drug described in Priestley's novel; it brings a state of peaceful contemplation, in which the sense of self is greatly diminished, and the appreciation and understanding of external objects greatly enhanced; it has no after-effect, it does not create addiction, and as the taker is very much withdrawn into himself it does not make him objectionable to other people. Huxley took the dose in order to assist a scientist who wanted to test the effect of the drug on a man of powerful intellect, capable of describing his sensations in detail.

Huxley's account of his experience while under the influence of mescalin is absorbing. Common objects—flowers, a chair, a pattern of light and shadow—assumed an interest and an intensity of being unlike anything in common experience. His sense of personality was much reduced, and he found in its place a remarkable sensation of unity with, and participation in, the existence of objects which came within his range.

Readers who have followed Huxley's work during the past twenty years will bring to this little book much that will enlarge its meaning for them; I seriously doubt if it can mean much to people who have no knowledge of mysticism, which has engaged him for so long. If I am not mistaken, it was in *Ends and Means*, published in 1937, that his attack upon our modern pre-occupation with "personality" began. "Personality" means simply the externals of Self, and for many people Self has little existence apart from "personality". But there have always been people who knew that "personality" was a shell, and that Self in the deeper sense was the reality which was capable, in its turn, of participation in the not-Self — which is God, or the Clear Light of the Void, or whatever you choose to call it. I am deeply conscious of my own clumsiness in expressing such ideas; they are commonplaces to many devout and philosophical people, and they are utterly incomprehensible to many others. But if I am not mistaken, Huxley's later work has been a plea to mankind to recognize the perishability, and the essential triviality, of all


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the externals of daily life and of "personality"; and the infinite preciousness and imperishability of that essential Self which yearns to be united with the not-Self.

The mescalin experiment, by diminishing the insistence of "personality" may have given him some clue as to the delusive nature of our ordinary concept of ourselves, and of the truer nature of the world which we inhabit and which, most of the time, we regard simply as a piece of theatrical scenery in front of which we strut and bellow.

I beg that no one who reads this piece will think that Huxley is advocating that everybody should become a mescalin-eater, or a drug-fiend, or anything of that sort. This is positively a book which you should not discuss until you have read it and thought about it. And if you have any curiosity about the nature of human existence, you should do so, for it is an absorbing contribution to that study by one of the most far-ranging, capacious and powerful intellects of our time.

Have I brought Huxley and Priestley somewhat nearer to one another in your thoughts? I hope so, for though greatly different in external things, they share a discontent with the external world, and with commonplace concepts of man's destiny. Both have refused to be beguiled by an easy popularity. Both have striven to get at a reality which is truer than the delusive evidence of the senses.

THE MAGICIANS—by J. B. Priestley—pp. 256—*British Books*—$3.00.

THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION — by Aldous Huxley—pp. 63—*Clarke, Irwin*—$1.25.

## *In Brief*

SAINTE-MARIE AMONG THE HURONS — by Wilfrid Jury and Elsie McLeod Jury — pp. 114 plus notes, index, drawings and photographs. Excellent drawing and plan—*Oxford* —$3.50.

A joint account of the recent excavations near Midland, Ontario, by the people who were in charge. Until 1948 little was known about the mission-fort of the Jesuits beyond meagre references in their *Relations*, a few rough maps and local rumor. It was certain that it had four stone bastions; that for a decade after 1639 fifty or sixty French lived there when there were only about two hundred and fifty white people altogether in New France; that it was fired by the priests themselves to keep it from the Iroquois. What a four summers' dig by University of Western Ontario archaeologists revealed is an almost incredible story of a settlement ingeniously planned and built by first class craftsmen. There were more than a dozen buildings of expertly cut timber, a blacksmith shop where tools, nails and hardware were made, carpenter shop, chapel and hospital. The fort had its own

chickens, cattle and pigs all taken on the 800 miles from Quebec by canoe. Most astonishing is the intramural canal with loading and landing basins and a series of locks, at a time when locks were first being built in France.

Two parallel stories run throughout: one, a scientific exposition of each step from the erection of a tool-house to the preservation of the relics; the other, the tragic history of the dedicated men whose Huronia mission was the first white settlement in the interior of North America.

Sparing conjecture, the authors let the facts speak for themselves. But what facts! They add up to a true romance and one of the best historical books Canada has produced.

**HOW TO LIE WITH STATISTICS — by Darrell Huff—pp. 142. Ironically and humorously illustrated by Irving Geis—*McLeod*—$3.50.**

Do you suffer from a figure-quoter in the family? Or are you ever disturbed by the plunging graph-line, those little men with rakes or money-bags in hand, and a feeling that you ought to switch to the tooth-paste with solarium? Then let me urge strongly that you read this book. It will help you to confound and confute the bores who quote, and it will teach you to watch for the built-in bias, the befogging average, and the "little figure that isn't there".

Polls, ad men and accountants being what they are, there is probably little that Mr. Huff can do to tighten up the loose statistic. What he does though, is show how even the most respected companies and magazines use it—he names names—and how a phoney figure can be made to look startlingly real. Example from our own private "survey": 46.3 adult Canadians say sta-*Stis*-tics. (False, because many adult Canadians don't try; they just say figgers.)

**THIS CENTURY OF CHANGE, 1853-1952 — by Anthony Weymouth—pp. 185 indexed, Photographs—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.65.**

The first chapter is a sketch of the Victorian background and raises our hopes for a quick look, with a kind of Olympian privilege, at the shifting patterns of English society under four sovereigns. What we get though, except for some familiar anecdotes involving Palmerston's profanity and escapades of King Edward VII while a prince, is exactly what Canadian students got a generation ago in British History texts and are sometimes still getting even from today's Dewey-eyed educators: a dreary succession of notes on foreign policy with a few paragraphs on social customs and inventions tossed in at the end.

Weymouth is the pseudonym of a Harley Street doctor whose detective stories have had some popularity. We cannot speak of his medical manner but as a writer of history he has a patronizing habit of repeating himself to make quite sure the laity has understood. Together with snobbishness and banality, this makes him a very tiresome fellow indeed.

**ON TO THE SUNSET—by Ethel Burnett Tibbits —pp. 155—*Ryerson*—$3.50.**

A book of reminiscences, once removed. A western Canadian newspaper woman has set down seventeen episodic chapters shot through with sentiment, homely humor, homelier talk, and Methodist righteousness, recounting stories her father told of his eighty-odd full and vigorous years. He lived first in the backwoods of Ontario and then moved on to "make land" and preach through the young West to British Columbia. He was one of the many courageous and God-fearing makers of Canada, and even with a thick overlay of melodramatic and comical anecdote the portrait of a pioneer manages to come through.

Unconcerned with niceties of style, the author mixes Colloquial Modern and Elegant Euphemistic with a carefree hand and never hesitates to use a faded phrase where a fresh one would do.

**IMAGE OF CANADA—Compiled and edited by Malvina Bolus—*Ryerson*—$5.50.**

A prideful collection of over three hundred photographs of Canada and her people, made from pictures which have appeared in the Canadian Geographical Journal. First of five sections is a quick sweep of the lens from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the British Columbia fiords; the other four deal specifically with The Natural Division (an enlightening and exciting survey of the seven geological areas with a shaded map for guidance); The Natural Resources; The Human Resources, incorporating some first-rate pages on our native arts and crafts; and The Capital. One wishes that every Canadian child could see this book and that every household could have a copy to study and enjoy.

The photographs are good, well printed, and occasionally distinguished.

**WHAT THE WORLD SHOWED ME—by Per Host —pp. 223, Photographs both black-and-white and color—*Methuen*—$4.00.**

The author is a Norwegian with a staggering knowledge of natural history and science; to satisfy his curiosity about the strange places and creatures of Earth he has repeatedly set his feet in paths of danger and he tells about them in a deceptively simple way. His first expedition was as the request of the Norwegian government when it was getting anxious about the annual slaughter of seal. Host was a pioneer among scientific observers in the sealing-grounds and the first to write with authority about the centuries-old hunt. Then he ventured into Florida's jungle in quest of the kite, a bird believed extinct. He found it too, but only after living alone on a platform inches above the

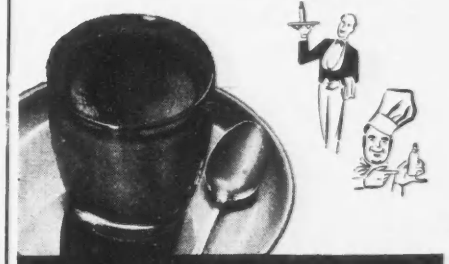

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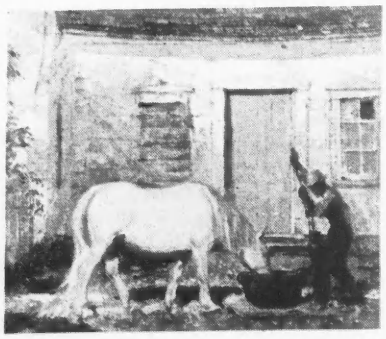


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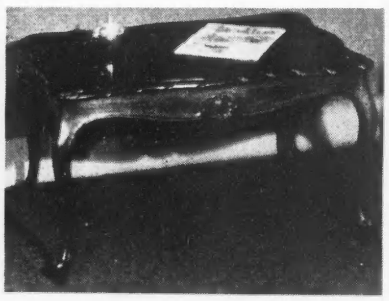
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Fascinating as these extremes are, there are other reasons for recommending the book. One is the detailed account of two tribes who had not been seen by white men since the *conquistadores*—the light-skinned Cuna and Choco Indians of Darien—a handsome, kindly, primitive people who could teach us a thing or two about several subjects, including peaceable living and personal hygiene.

Another is the manner of the writing. Though some of his adventures read like tall tales, Host's modesty and calm authority are such that we go along with him. Moreover he has a quiet humor and the grace to spare us the half-baked philosophy travellers often feel called upon to share.

The photographs are particularly fine. They are almost all by the author who supplies a short note on the film and cameras used.

R. M. T.

**HOW TO BE A WOMAN, by Lawrence K. and Mary Frank—pp. 143 with pictures and diagrams—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.25.**

With the usual information about physiology, this book offers a great deal of excellent common sense about how to be a woman and get satisfaction out of it, at every stage of life from childhood to old age. "Know thyself" is the nub of the advice, but some practical counsel is given as to how this may be achieved, and great stress is laid on clear and honest thinking at all ages and in all situations. The book makes no moral judgments, but it deals frankly with several sexual and social problems. Very strongly recommended as a gift to daughters, and for high school libraries.

**FANFARE FOR A WITCH—by Vaughan Wilkins —pp. 286—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.50.**

This is really two novels, one first-rate and the other trashy. In so far as it concerns the unnatural hatred of George II and his Queen for their eldest son Frederick, the book is excellent, and the author's explanation of this hatred is ingenious and psychologically sound. But the part of the book which deals with a Moroccan princess and her American lover is packed with feverish incident and cardboard characters, and the long arm of coincidence swings like a windmill. It smacks of those Hollywood concoctions in which kings and queens exist only to forward the interests of a couple of pinhead lovers. Nevertheless, fans of the historical novel will find this one of more than common interest.

**FOOD FOR MEN—by Glenn Quilty—pp. 347 —McLeod—$4.00.**

An admirable collection of recipes, imaginative without being frilly, and combining ordinary ingredients in unusual ways. Presumably the author calls it food for men because it is a little on the heavy side, and is highly flavored, but there are plenty of women who like such food, too. The recipes are introduced by personal reminiscences of the author, who is a pianist, a sailor and a writer. Modesty is not one of his handicaps, and in one place he tells us that he is 5 feet 3 inches in height; he writes like a short man.

**THE GIPSY IN THE PARLOUR — by Margery Sharp—pp. 256—*Collins*—$2.50.**

Looking back over fifty years, the narrator of this delightful, amusing book tells how the last unmarried Sylvester male brings to the family farm in Devon one Fanny Davis, the Plymouth milliner he is determined to marry. Fanny is a nasty little thing, but it takes the big-hearted, essentially good Sylvester family quite a while to find it out, and in the meanwhile a great deal of mischief is made. The niece who tells the story combines the sharp but innocent vision of youth with the greater wisdom of age, and this charming story is told with a rounded completeness and a witty brevity which make it one of the best things Margery Sharp has done.

**LIKE MEN BETRAYED—by John Mortimer—pp. 255—*Collins*—$2.75.**

To describe this excellent novel as a study of the decay of the middle class may perhaps suggest that it is a depressing work, but nothing could be further from the truth. It is so well done, so carefully observed, so economically written, that it gives the reader the satisfaction which a first-rate piece of work produces. The plot springs from the effect which a lack of understanding between two ordinary parents has upon their son; it steers him into a half-world of crooked deals, and in the end his father is dragged into the mess with him. Admirable tension and a sense of inevitability in the plot contribute to the effect of a distinguished novel.

**RUM JUNGLE—by Alan Moorehead—pp. 154 with many photographs and a map—*British Books*—$3.00.**

Returning to his native Australia after an absence of many years, Alan Moorehead attempts to see it as it really is, and not as the never-thoroughly-satisfactory pseudo-England of his childhood. Leaving the Europeanized cities, he seeks the barren lands, where great mineral discoveries seem likely to bring Australia a new period of colonization, and where the vast areas of desert have created a perfect land for testing rockets and the new fusion-explosives. The chapters suggest that they were written as self-contained pieces for magazine publication rather than as logical parts of a book, but the liveliness of the writing and the personal yet modest tone of the book make very good reading.

B. E. N.



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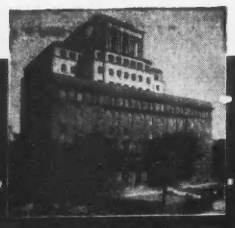
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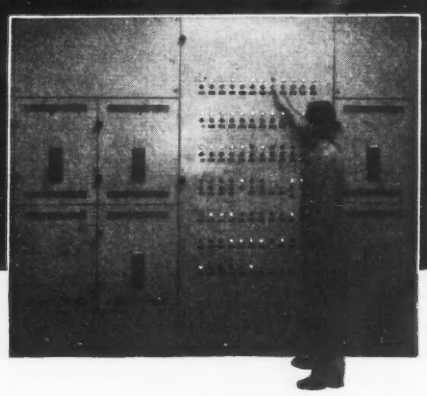
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# Sports

## *Play Ball!*

### By Jim Coleman

ON THE BASEBALL season was opened officially a couple of weeks ago as Lefty Ike Eisenhower, an inaccurate pitcher even when judged by Washington standards, threw out the first ball. This year, President Eisenhower showed considerable improvement and no casualties were reported. The previous season, Ike's first pitch struck a press photographer on the right buttock. In view of the President's record of cordial relations with the press, it is safe to assume that the play should have been scored as an error.

Probably the most inaccurate pitcher in Washington history was a Canadian named Joe Krakauskas. Joe was a nice fellow, but he was as wild as a hawk and batsmen stood back from the plate, respectfully and fearfully, when he was pitching.

Bob Considine, the Washington sports columnist, went to England as a war correspondent during the Battle of Britain. From England, Considine wrote to Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington Senators: "I have been through all the terrible air raids. They were a frightening experience, but I felt much safer in London than I felt in the press box at Griffith Stadium when Krakauskas was pitching."

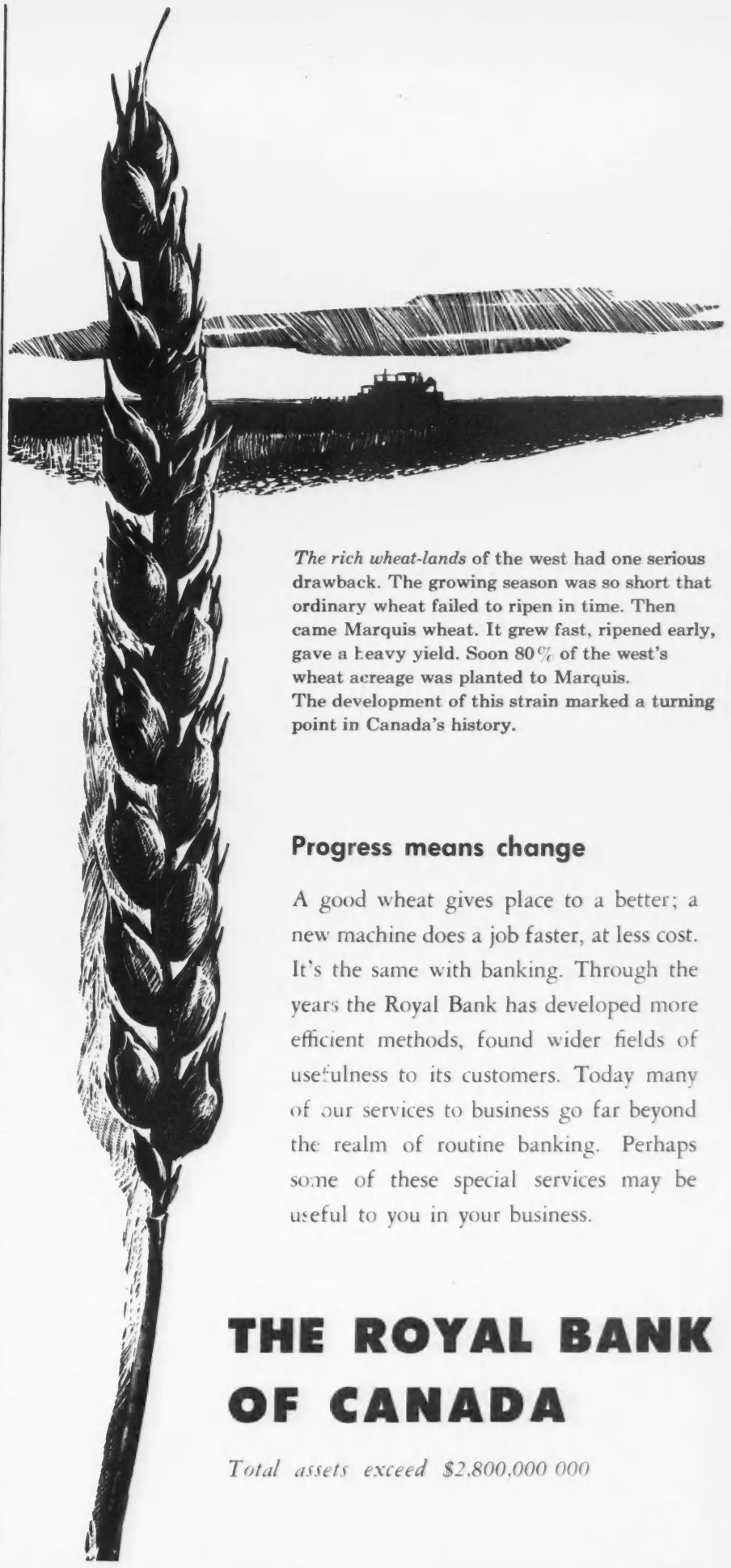
My own note-book reveals that I met Krakauskas late in the war when he was wearing the uniform of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Undoubtedly we discussed his colorful baseball career, but the only memoir of him which I have preserved is his story about the American strong-man who gave a performance in a Moscow theatre.

The theatre was packed but the Muscovite audience sat in silence as the American gave his display of strength. He sweated and he heaved and he groaned as he hefted bar-bells and balanced tables on his chin. After each trick, he bowed but there was no applause. Gritting his teeth, the American strong-man gave them his big pitch. He picked up a table in each hand and, with his teeth, picked a mill-stone from the floor. Without any doubt, he shattered all world records for weight-lifting. He dropped the weights, stepped forward and bowed expectantly.

Still no applause.

Wiping his brow, the strong-man took another step forward and addressed the Moscow audience.

"Is there any one here who speaks Eng-

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1. Receiving and considering the report of the Directors, the report of the Auditors, and the Financial Statements of the Company for the year ending December 31, 1953.
2. Election of Directors.
3. The appointment of an Auditor for the ensuing year.
4. The transaction of such other business as may properly be brought before the meeting.

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J. W. HAMILTON,
Secretary.

Calgary, Alberta,
April 9, 1954.

lish?" he shouted.

Up in the second balcony, a little man stood up, waved his hand and squeaked: "I speak a leetle".

The American looked up at him and rasped: "Well, to hell with you, for one," —and stalked from the stage.

So much for Lefty Eisenhower and Joe Krakauskas.

The Major League baseball season is off to a speedy start and, in the next five months, 14 under-privileged teams will attempt to disprove the foregone conclusion that the American League championship will be won by the New York Yankees and the National League title will be won by the Brooklyn Dodgers.

If the Yankees win again, their triumph will be a tribute to the managerial acumen of that wizened pixie, Charles Dillon Stengel. On paper, the Yankees don't appear strong enough to beat the Mound City Mudcats and, in their spring training games, they were out-scored, with shocking regularity, by Major League rivals. But the Yankees have Stengel, who is baseball's master prestidigitator.

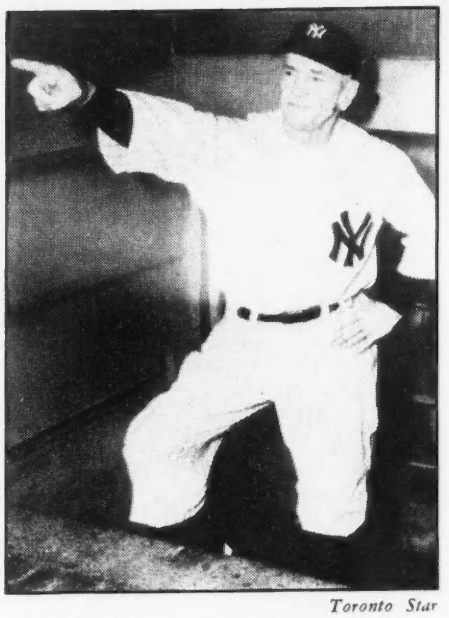
The Yankees who currently dominate the baseball scene don't include a Babe Ruth, a Lou Gehrig, a Red Ruffing, a Joe DiMaggio or a Herb Pennock. They are a team without an outstanding star unless you wish to mention the aging Phil Rizzutto or the up-and-coming Mickey Mantle. It is true that they have some pitchers with excellent won - and - lost records—but, good, solid support produces winning pitchers.

The past five seasons have proved that the double-talking, wise-cracking Stengel wins the games from the bench. In the past five World Series, the Yankees have met teams which out-matched them on paper but Stengel has consistently hornswoggled the opposition.

When the Yankee owners picked up Stengel from Oakland (after he had been canned by the Brooklyn Dodgers and Boston Braves), he said that he was taking the New York job only to vindicate himself in the eyes of those critics who ridiculed his previous Big League managerial efforts.

Now, after winning five consecutive World Series, it's difficult to guess what he's trying to prove by remaining in charge of the New York club. He is extremely wealthy and he has reached an age when most wealthy men would be pleased to relax. He has put himself in the position of a gambler who, having cleaned out the slot-machine by hitting the jackpot, tries to hit another jackpot with the very next pull of the lever. Oh, well—how can you second-guess a smart old man who has won five World Series?

From a Canadian standpoint, there will be considerable interest in the fortunes of the Brooklyn Dodgers. The Dodgers are being managed by Wally Alston, who was promoted from the Montreal Royals. He has inherited a ready-made team and, even if he wins the pennant this year, it is unlikely that he will be hailed as a miracle-man; if he loses, it is likely that he will follow his predecessor, Chuck Dressen, into the outer darkness.



*Toronto Star*

*CASEY STENGEL: Who can second-guess the smart old man who has won five consecutive World Series?*

And, as the International Baseball League season opened again this week in Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa, Canadian sporting enthusiasts wondered how many more years must pass before Montreal and Toronto are admitted to the Major Leagues.

The Montreal Royals and Toronto Maple Leafs already out-draw several big league clubs in annual attendance. One of the main obstacles, at the moment, is the fact that neither Toronto nor Montreal has a stadium capable of handling crowds of World Series proportions. The present Montreal Stadium, which is flanked by a factory, scarcely could be enlarged, but 15,000 or 20,000 seats could be added to Toronto's park through the demolition of that wartime air-training base known as "Little Norway".

Toronto and Montreal are potential Major League cities and baseball, faced by declining attendance in some National and American League centres, could be improved by a "new look".

Toronto and Montreal, which out-draw American cities in major league hockey, won't be satisfied much longer with minor league baseball.

No one can deny, though, that the International League picture is interesting with the admission, this year, of Havana and the possibility that Mexico City or Caracas, Venezuela, will be admitted in the future. You can bet right now that Montreal Royals, Toronto Maple Leafs and Havana Sugar-Kings each will outdraw the Philadelphia Athletics.

# Business

## *Neither Boom nor Gloom In Canadian Outlook*

By C. M. SHORT

AN ECONOMIC EXAMINATION of Canada made by the writer for SATURDAY NIGHT shows that a third of the country is in a better condition than a year ago; half of the nation slightly worse off than at this time in 1953; and the balance, nearly a fifth, in such a weakened state as to be bordering on depression.

This examination is based on reports of business conditions by well-qualified observers (uninfluenced by political considerations or trade boosting tactics) at several hundred points across Canada. These reports range from small rural districts to major industrial points, east and west, and take in every kind of economic activity from such simple operations as hand logging to highly skilled manufacturing. Moreover, attention has been given to employment, local trade, inventories, distribution and collections, as well as to production. The examination is, therefore, sufficiently comprehensive to be a cross-section of the national economy.

The examination shows that conditions are not so good as some optimists in both political and business circles have professed in public statements, but they are not nearly so bad as pessimists have tried to make out. In other words, while there is no logical basis for statements that Canada is still enjoying boom conditions, there is no justification for expressing the opinion that the country is suffering from a severe recession that can end only in depression.

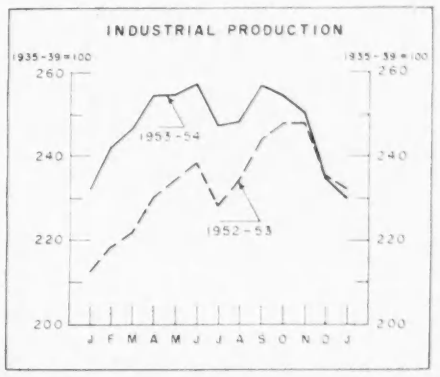
The third of Canada where the best conditions prevail is made up mainly of districts in which natural resource development on a large scale is still in progress; of points where new industries have recently been brought into production, notably those for defence purposes; of regions where pulp and paper are of major importance; of western lumber centres; and of rural sections with the most diversified and profitable farm practice, such as those with the largest hog populations, which can be finished off on home-grown grains of good quality and sold at high prices.

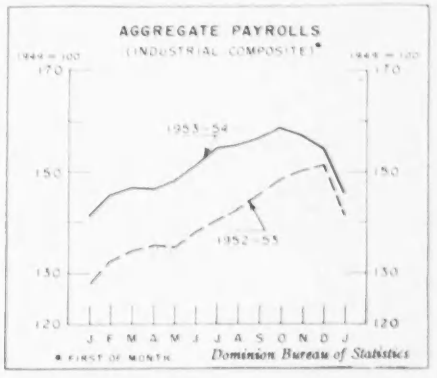
The considerably larger part of the country, about a half, where economic conditions are not quite as favorable as a year ago, includes most of the agricultural area and many industrial points in Central and Eastern Canada, some of which have well diversified factory and mill production. The high wage rates and large accumulated savings of recent years have helped to keep this major part of Canada in a fairly healthy condition.

The rest of the country, nearly a fifth, which is in real distress, takes in a number of coal, lead and zinc mining localities; several lumbering districts in Eastern Canada; and miscellaneous industries, including not only textile, farm implement and electrical appliance plants, but also a quite considerable number of units in machinery and other equipment fields that have been adversely affected by a smaller volume of export business and intensified competition in the domestic market from lower-priced products of other countries. The worst unemployment is in this distress area, with some industrial points reporting that a quarter to a third of their available labor force is idle.

The fair and poor conditions now clearly evident over about two-thirds of Canada are due to many causes both internal and external in origin. Some of these have been emphasized in previous economic diagnoses in SATURDAY NIGHT over the last eighteen months, namely: that Canada had become a high-cost country, a condition which was bound to cut both ways, first by weakening her competitive position in foreign markets, and then by attracting imports from other countries; and that there was maldistribution of the national income resulting from an increasing wage bill for labor and declining prices for farm products, thus placing most of the rural population at a disadvantage and, of course, curtailing its purchasing power. There are other unfavorable factors, but these two are the most difficult to overcome. Yet they show some signs of improvement. A few labor unions have decided that continuous work for their members is now more important than higher wage rates, while in some industrial plants there is greater efficiency on the part of both labor and management.

THE distribution of farm income, which, though about $250 million less than in some former years, is a little more even because all crops were uniformly better in 1953. Moreover, grain deliveries in the West to country elevators have been quite substantial, over 400 million bushels since the last harvest, and while these are about a quarter less than those of a year ago, they have put quite a lot of new money in the hands of the growers. While wheat exports have been comparatively low, nearly 30 per cent less than those for a similar part of the preceding "wheat year", oats and barley shipments have been practically equal to those of the first seven months of the 1952-53 season. The proposed new capital expenditures for 1954 should, if they are realized, provide a quite powerful stimulant to the entire national economy, for they would involve total outlays for new facilities and maintenance and repair work (all requiring materials, labor and service) of more than $734 million.








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By Order of the Board.
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager
Montreal, Que., April 13, 1954


# Insurance

## *Protection For Boat Owners*

**By William Sclater**

IF THERE IS NO more pleasant pastime than sailing when the breeze blows brisk but when it bristles into a gale it can be quite another story. Many a yachtsman caught by wind and weather far from harbor finds the perils of the deep are much more real than fanciful. They can also be costly.

Such terms as heavy weather damage caused by excessive violence of the elements; stranding, sinking or collision; underwater damages due to striking bottom, submerged objects and rocks, become descriptions of experienced hazards. They are also insurance terms, descriptive of the hazards which can be insured against.

Every boat owner, whether his boat is an outboard punt or a $25,000 cruiser should remember that he is invariably two things when he goes sailing: he is an owner and also the master of a vessel. In other words, all the responsibilities of a property owner are his as well as the maritime responsibilities of the master of a vessel.

Sea law is probably the oldest continuous international law in the world. It is a good body of law but where the owner of a merchant ship, not being aboard, may have recourse to circumstances which limit his legal liability to the value of his vessel after an accident, based on his "privity and knowledge" of the conditions responsible, the yacht owner, being aboard his ship in his dual role of owner and master would probably find his liability limited only by his ability to pay. Insurance, therefore, is something that is not only desirable but also essential to every boat owner. Even a small outboard boat can cause damage to life and limb, or collide with an expensive yacht or other object, just as readily as a bigger boat.

The standard yacht policy (there are special outboard motorboat policies as well) is based on Hull insurance, with a Running Down clause, Protection and Indemnity insurance and other coverages as additional endorsements. A yacht, in the accepted insurance definition, can be any craft from a small pleasure boat or sailboat up to a large sea-going engine-powered ship, providing always that it is used solely for private pleasure purposes.

Hull insurance protects against physical loss or damage resulting from heavy weather, stranding, sinking, collision, fire, lightning, explosion, ice damage and theft of the entire boat. It pays salvage charges and any other reasonable expenses incurred in preventing or minimizing a loss, or in safeguarding or recovering the yacht after a loss.

Yacht insurance, which is never written for more than a twelve-month period, follows the yacht wherever it may be, afloat, in drydock or hauled out in storage. Extent of the laid-up period governs the insurance rate charged.

A Running Down Clause should be included in every policy to insure the owner against damage done by his yacht to other vessels or their cargoes in collision. This is usually limited to the amount of hull insurance carried.

Racing hazards, such as damage to spars and sails are excluded and, for racing craft, must be covered separately. Power boat racing hazards are not considered insurable and any power boat so engaged must suffer a suspension of coverage during participation in a race. High horsepowered-hulls may be charged a higher premium or have an exclusion clause against certain named risks in the policy. Lower rate of premium is charged for diesel-powered craft and sailboats without auxiliary power.

P and I, which is Protection and Indemnity insurance, is available in adequate limits for maximum contingencies. The liability for loss of life and bodily injury is similar to auto coverage in this respect and applies to guests injured aboard the yacht and to persons aboard other vessels or elsewhere. Paid crew members may be included by extension. Claims against the yacht "in rem" and against the owner "in personam" are covered by P and I.

The property damage section of this coverage is the owner's liability for loss of, or damage to, the property of others. Guests' possessions, docks, buoys, pipelines and other ships and the property aboard them are covered where the Running Down Clause does not apply.

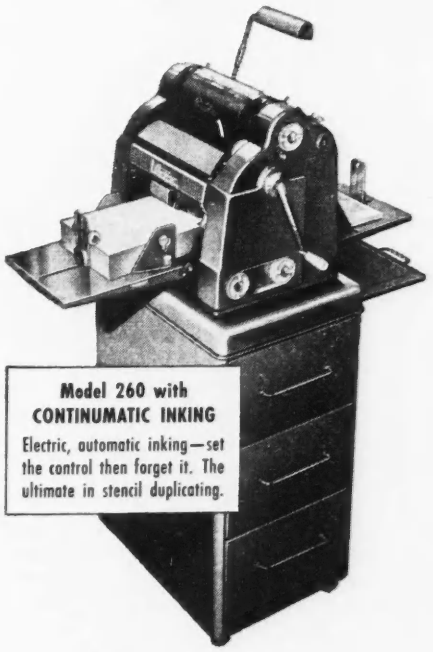
Yacht insurance, being a specialized form of marine coverage, requires individual treatment. Figure the value of your hull and equipment and estimate your contemplated use of it and the length of the lay-up period so that the underwriter can tailor your policy accordingly. If your boat is to be transported overland to a lake, for instance, you may need a Transportation endorsement.

Policies for outboard motor boats are written on a simplified yacht form and provide similarly good protection.

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# Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

## *Superior Propane*

I AM *a teacher with a modest income and have an endowment policy of $1,000 maturing this fall. Should I leave this money with the company at 3½ per cent or should I try and get more interest on the money? Would you consider Superior Propane preferred stock a speculative issue or one that would be safe for my purpose?—H. A. S., Sedgewick, Alta.*

The preferred shares of this company, which at the issue price of 24½ afford a yield of 5.71 per cent, appear to be a reasonable investment for income. Each share of preferred, at issue, carried a bonus of a common share. As application has been made to list only the preferred shares on the Toronto Stock Exchange, their initial quotations will be less the value of the common. This, at the time of writing, is 2½ bid. If the preferred sold at 22, the yield would be 6.35 per cent.

The company, which was formed in 1951 to acquire the Essotane Division of the Imperial Oil Co., has shown a steady increase in propane gas sales. In 1951 these amounted to $677,600 and in 1953 to $1,285,600. Propane, as history in United States markets has shown, has complemented the growth of the natural gas pipeline systems, finding its markets in the areas not served by pipelines.

The present financing, which also included $1 million of debentures, has placed the company in a good financial position and enabled it to expand its activities in the prosperous Southern Ontario market.

## *Mill City Pete*

I HOLD *a few thousand shares of Mill City Petroleums Ltd. bought at 75-80 cents. What is your opinion of this company and would you advise me to hold or sell and take the loss?—E. G. D., Calgary.*

Without an up to date financial report showing the effects of the acquisition of Leduc Consolidated Oils, it is impossible even to guess as to the possible value per share represented by the total assets of this company.

The present market price of 33 cents gives some sort of a clue; it may be a good approximation.

With the surge of speculation that lifted the prices of oil shares to levels far beyond value in 1952 now a matter of memory, the action of the oil market over the past few months indicates the grim process of sifting the promotion companies from the producers that will survive is still under way. While the larger companies with adequate production revenues have advanced, most of the shares of small companies have remained static in price. The ruling factor now is production income.

To induce a rise in the price of your shares it will be necessary for your company to show revenues in excess of expenditures and a steady growth of oil reserves that will increase the asset value per share. Upon those figures must be based the decision to sell or hold.

## *Canada Stone*

I WOULD *like to have your opinion on the Canada Crushed and Cut Stone Co.'s common stock as a holding. Also, what do you figure the stock is worth on the basis of the 1953 annual report?—S. C. V., Hamilton, Ont.*

From the narrow range the stock travels in and the absence of a dividend, the stock does not appear too attractive as a purchase at the present time. The balance sheet shows that the funded debt of $1,297,500 is still well above the working capital of $883,439 despite its improvement from the $754,159 reported in 1952, and this, together with the venture into the slag processing business, would seem to rule out the possibility of dividend payments for some time.

How well the market for cut stone will stand up is a question that seems worth asking at the present time, for it does not appear that large new buildings are being planned. Rental space in the downtown district of Toronto, which should be a fair indication of conditions in other cities, is plentiful.

As an inactive stock (only 70 shares were traded in February on the Toronto Stock Exchange), it hardly offers much in the way of possible capital gains and there is no yield to compensate for the use of your money. Even though the present price of 6 is away under the book value of 22, it merely serves to emphasize the point that it is yields that determine stock prices and not book values.

## *Canadian Pacific*

WOULD YOU *consider Canadian Pacific Railway at a level where purchases could be made for long term holding?—C. G. C., Toronto.*

Canadian Pacific, at 24½, has recovered from the test of the January low of 20¾ occasioned by the disappointment registered over the refusal of the Board of Transport Commissioners to allow freight rates

to be revised to a formula that would allow a reasonable level of earnings. This has chilled investor sentiment considerably and this is likely to make the stock turn in a "worse than average" performance, over the next few months. The annual report spells out in detail the story of how antiquated regulations prevent adequate earnings.

Rail earnings have declined to the point where a loss of $1,294,798 was reported for January and income from important subsidiaries, such as Steamships and Consolidated Mining and Smelting is lower. The annual report showed the other income account declined $5.8 million from 1952.

It would appear at this time that purchase of the common stock should be deferred in expectation of lower prices. Should selling pressure increase to the point where the price was carried under 20½, the long decline from the 1952 high of 40 could be extended to 18 and possibly 16.

For investment purchases the convertible debentures appear to have considerably more attraction than the common stock. The rate of return is fixed and in the event of a move through 25 in the common, the convertibles provide a call on the common at 25.

## *Labrador Mining*

I HAVE *recently bought shares of Labrador Mining and Exploration Co. and am considering buying more. I would appreciate your remarks on this company.—M. E. H., Ottawa.*

With completion of the railroad and the first shipments of iron ore scheduled for next August the answer to your question lies in the prospects of the company earning a profit. While the sales agreements with the various U.S. steel companies who hold interests in the Iron Ore Co. call for annual purchases of 10 million tons of ore at a price equivalent to the cost of production plus one dollar a ton, there is no assurance that dividend-paying profits are in sight. It is, of course, recognized that the entire project is a very long-term one and until operations are reflected in a balance sheet, nothing in this regard can be accurately determined.

The question of profits seems to hinge upon the point of whether large tonnages of ore can be marketed above the contract quantities. This means that ore will have to be priced competitively with ores from other sources ranging from Minnesota to South America. The equation is simple; the costs of mining and transportation must not exceed the selling price. As this equation is studded with X equals ? factors we must fall back upon the stock market for an estimate of possible movement.

The market pattern of the stock shows


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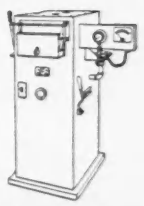
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that it advanced from a low of $2.85 in 1949 to a high of $11.25 in 1952. After months of narrow action between 9 and 11 it tumbled down to 6.10 in September of 1953. From that point it rose to 10⅛ in March and now stands at 9.

From this performance, and the chart pattern, it is evident that very heavy supply exists above 9 and it will likely continue to overhang the market until some definite evidence of earning capacity is available. It also warrants the conclusion that purchases should be deferred until price concessions are available.

## *In Brief*

WHAT DO YOU *think of Consolidated Golden Arrow?—I. H. P., Montreal.*

Just another speculation.

I PURCHASED *Ascot Metals at $2.60. What are the prospects for a rise in this stock in the future?—W. J. H., Timmins, Ont.*

Seem very limited.

I HAVE *some shares in Carshaw Porcupine Gold Mines. Will you let me know if they are worth holding?—P. McC., Orillia, Ont.*

Put 'em back in the trunk.

WOULD YOU *kindly give me some information on Independence Gold Mining Co. shares? I have held this stock for nearly 20 years. Shall I paper the wall with it?—Mrs. M. K. B., Penticton, B.C.*

Paste it up.

DO YOU *consider Hottah Lake Uraniums a good bet from a speculative point of view?—D. F. L., Calgary.*

No.

IS THERE *any future for Target Petroleums? I bought some at 10 cents.—C. F., Chilliwack, B.C.*

I can't see it.

I BOUGHT *Quebec Chibougamau at 27. What are the chances of it coming up again? I am not in a hurry and can wait 2, 5 or 10 years—J. N., Montreal.*

Looks as if you will, too.

CAN YOU *give me any information on Fiske Gold Mines? These shares were bought about 1925.—W. M. R., Ottawa.*

Dormant for years.

WHAT *do you think of Confederation Mining Corp. as a speculation?—J. I., Toronto.*

Just a gamble.

I AM *the holder of shares in Detta Minerals Ltd. Any hope in the future?—W. C. J., Toronto.*

Not much.

# Who's Who in Business

## *Something From Nothing*

By J. W. Bacque

"IN THE old days, a lot of people thought that having a special food for dogs was nonsense; now they've changed their minds," says W. Robert Ballard, president and owner of Dr. Ballard's Dog Foods. Mr. Ballard has had a lot to do with changing the old attitude. He helped his father, the original Dr. Ballard, establish the business in Vancouver in 1930, and in 24 years, Mr. Ballard says, "The company has advanced to the position where it does 50 per cent of the dog food business in Canada, according to an independent survey conducted by the Canadian Daily Newspaper Association".



*Ashley & Crippen*

*W. ROBERT BALLARD*

After moving to the coast from Saskatchewan in 1923, Dr. W. G. Ballard, a veterinarian, set up a dog hospital in Vancouver. With the knowledge gained in the hospital, where there were usually as many as 50 or 60 dogs at a time, Dr. Ballard began to make dog food in a back room of the building in 1930. In the first year, the whole family helped to make it—Dr. and Mrs. Ballard, Robert, and his three younger sisters.

"We did most of the work on weekends and school holidays," Mr. Ballard recalls. "I was still at school then, and the girls were too, of course. We used to sit in the kitchen at home Friday nights, peeling onions for the next day's batch, all of us with tears streaming down our faces. Dad did the selling, and I worked at just about everything else. I was everything from butcher to truck driver. Any of us could label 4,000 cans in a day, and I used to do as many as 4,800. We had to ship the cans in big wooden crates. That meant nailing the lids down carefully, and it slowed us down quite a bit. We did all the work by hand—preparing the meat, cooking, filling the cans and labelling."

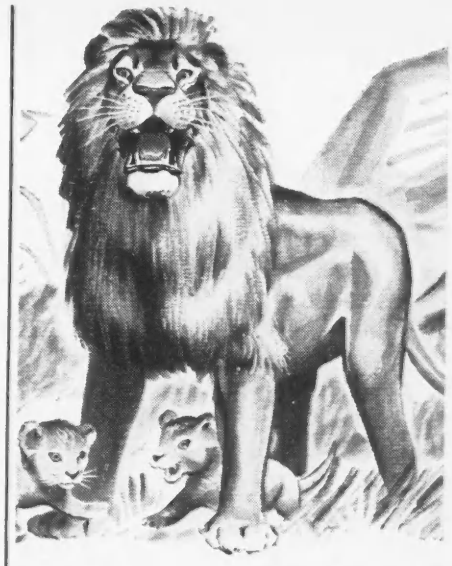
Within a few years, the Ballards had survived increasingly keen competition, and built up the business until it was far more important to them than the pet hospital. They moved to a small Vancouver plant in 1931, and in 1933, reversing the usual Canadian trend, Mr. Ballard moved to Toronto to set up a branch sales office. Five years later, he had built up sales in the East to such a volume that a plant was set up in Toronto to satisfy the demand. In 1939, a Calgary plant was built.

"The biggest growth came after 1945," Mr. Ballard says. "We had a tough time during the war. The government didn't allow us any metal for cans during the shortage, as we were a non-essential industry. We got by, using our biscuit products, and selling dehydrated food in paper cans."

Mr. Ballard assumed control and ownership, from his father, in 1948. Now there are 175 employees, and offices and factories from coast to coast. Mechanization of production interests Mr. Ballard intensely; his Toronto plant operates at the rate of 100,000 cans a day, and only twelve employees are required to do all the work of production.

Mr. Ballard has a 200-acre farm near Newmarket, 20 miles north of Toronto, and he lives there the year round with his wife Edna, and their three children, Robert, David and Susan. He is an expert horseman, and has captained the Canadian National Equestrian team for the last three years. In 1952, he won the international individual championship class at Madison Square Gardens, and has led the team in international meets at Harrisburg, New York and Toronto.

He keeps an eye on all the operations at the plant, and is constantly on the lookout for ways to eliminate unnecessary steps in the manufacturing process. Glancing at the huge steam cookers and the gleaming rows of cans, he remarks: "We certainly brought this business up out of nothing".

AS A FATHER...

YOU HAVE the heart of a lion, for the lion is the only member of the cat family that helps his mate raise their cubs. Together, they build a home and protect it with their lives. A lion will take food back to his family and feed them before he satisfies his own hunger.

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# Bonds

## *Portfolio Plans*

By J. Ross Oborne

THERE ARE NOT enough rich uncles to go around. Few of us can afford to count on the demise of a wealthy relative to provide an estate for us. Most of us, fortunately, have to do something about the future ourselves. The way a great many people compensate for the lack of wealthy uncles is by putting their own resources to work for them. Perhaps that is how the uncles made their starts, too. The chances are that most wealthy men learn early in life that idle money is sterile money.

Money that is not put to work is not much use to anyone. The trouble with many of us is that we don't know how to employ our resources. Let us suppose we do get a bit of money saved up. Perhaps we give consideration to investing it. We tell a friend we have some money to invest and ask his advice. He is full of it—hot tips, sure buys, whispered inside information, "double your money in a week". Greed and the inherent gambling instinct take hold and we end up owning "Fenian Raid Mines Ltd.". The end result is history also.

How many potential rich uncles do not get beyond the "Fenian Raid" stage? How many potential investors are soured for life on "investing" by just such experiences? The tragedy of the situation cannot be too strongly emphasized. Not only does the individual lose but Canada can ill spare the loss of even one investor.

The amazing thing is how intelligent people who really want to invest can fall so gullibly for get-rich-quick propositions. Some people actually think they are investing when they buy penny stocks.

Let's be rational. There is a time and a place for speculation. The time is not the first security purchase; the place is not in the small investment portfolio. There is one irrefutable rule that should be followed: "Risks should be taken only by those who can afford losses".

If we can take this rational view of investing we have arrived at a point where we can do something about getting our money working for us.

The University of Toronto Extension Course on investments defines an investment portfolio this way: "The portfolio is a planned selection of securities put together to achieve specific purposes for the owner; to be most effective, the portfolio should be fitted to the investment

goals of the person concerned. Each security in the portfolio has a definite contribution to make towards satisfying the investor's requirements such as: Safety of Principal, Income, Marketability and Growth of Capital.

"The typical portfolio is a compromise of investment for safety of principal, investment for income and investment for capital appreciation. The compromise achieved depends upon the investor's circumstances and investment objectives. Obviously, for one investor to adopt an investment program and portfolio developed for another investor, is to invite mediocre results."

We see from this that what is needed is a plan. Not just any old plan but a plan of our very own; a plan that can be followed; a plan that will get results. Perhaps if we looked at some of the factors that have a bearing on a plan we might be in a better position to set up one of our own.

Our dependents are the first consideration. Age is perhaps the second consideration in importance. The type of income that the investor receives influences the plan. The personality of the individual has considerable bearing on the plan as well.

Let us take the concrete example of a young man aged twenty-five. He can save $40.00 a month. This amount invested at 5 per cent and the interest compounded would result in an estate of $16,235.38 at the end of twenty years.

This young man's best plan might be to save for one year and invest his first $500.00 in a government bond. At the end of five years his investment portfolio should look something like this:

| | |
|---|---|
| Bonds—40 per cent | |
| Government | $500.00 |
| Corporation | 500.00 |
| Preferred Stock—20 per cent | |
| Merchandizing | 500.00 |
| Common Stocks—40 per cent | |
| Public Utility | 500.00 |
| Oil Refining | 500.00 |

The bonds give stability and security; the preferred, security and income; the commons, income and growth. This is an overall diversification both as to classes of securities as well as industry.

Managing your investment portfolio can be a fascinating and profitable avocation. For the investor who will take the same trouble in looking after his money as he did in earning it, there are many rewards. A booklet on portfolios that might be helpful can be obtained without charge from the Investment Dealers' Association. It is entitled "How to Share in Canada's Growth".

If you have no rich uncle, then the next best thing is a planned portfolio of investments. The responsibility is yours, both to yourself and to Canada, to see that your idle dollars are put to good use.




*Have you any*
**IDLE MONEY?**

Sometimes, money that could be up and doing . . . working hard . . . earning its keep . . . just lies idle. Such money could be invested to provide additional income and very often, capital gain.

Have you some idle funds . . . perhaps more cash than you need for current expenses? If you have, why not decide now to put it to work by investing it in bonds and stocks?

We have been advising investors for over 31 years, and undoubtedly we can be of assistance to you. Just write or telephone . . . or better still, come in and see us.

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For boys of eight to twelve years of age.

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# women



A PARONG, *a combination of skirt and pedal pushers, by Kamehameha of Honolulu, in a printed red and white silk crepe. Imported from Hawaii by Simpson's, $19.95.*

*Photo: Everett Roseborough*

## *Conversation Pieces:*

MAY is the month of maypole dances, labor processions and Queen Victoria's birthday. Its name is derived from Maia, the Roman goddess of fertility and Vulcan's wife. It was regarded as an unlucky time for marriages, since the festival of the unhappy dead was also celebrated during the month.

Two Winnipeg contraltos were featured recently in the news: 22-year-old Gladys Kriese won the top female award in the *C-I-L Singing Stars of Tomorrow* contest and 23-year-old Peggy Anne Truscott won the Rose Bowl, symbol of top honors in the Manitoba Musical Competition festival. Miss Kriese was a former Rose Bowl winner, too. At present she is studying in New York.

In Simpson's new House of Ideas, which has a western flavor complete with "Circle D." furniture by Drexel, we saw the new lampshades that will revolutionize Springtime cleaning. The shades are poke shaped, made of one piece of washable material that is gathered like a toque at one end. They slip on over the elongated frame.

Not being a fisherman, we never associated catfish with anything except Catfish Row, the setting of *Porgy and Bess*. Then, just after seeing a fine production of this Negro opera at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre, we were skimming through a new book for children, *Strange Nurseries* (Dodd, Mead, $2.95), and read that the male catfish hatches the eggs in his mouth. For the two months of incubation, he cannot eat. This is understandable, with his mouth full of 40 to 50 eggs, each the size of a marble. The author is Kentucky-born Jacquelyn Berrill, wife of Professor N. J. Berrill, of the Department of Zoology at McGill University.

The sixth Canadian Ballet festival opens on May 3 in Toronto, with eight ballet companies competing.

Elected officers: Louise Smith, of Winnipeg, President of the Manitoba Dietetic Association; Mrs. F. A. Lane (Abbie Lane of radio) of Halifax, re-elected Provincial President IODE; Jessie Brownell, of Saskatoon, President of the Saskatchewan Business and Professional Women's Clubs; Mrs. Norman A. Prentice, President of the Women's Canadian Club of Montreal; Mrs. B. J. Tupman, of Saskatoon, as Provincial President IODE.

The Oakville (Ont.) Arts and Crafts group is banking on two of its members by producing their plays on May 13-15. The two playwrights are Mrs. Lilo Nugent and Mrs. Hazel Caldwell. The group is a well established one. One member, Mrs. Howard Caine, won the Central Ontario regional award for best actress a few years ago.

# *Summer Fashions*

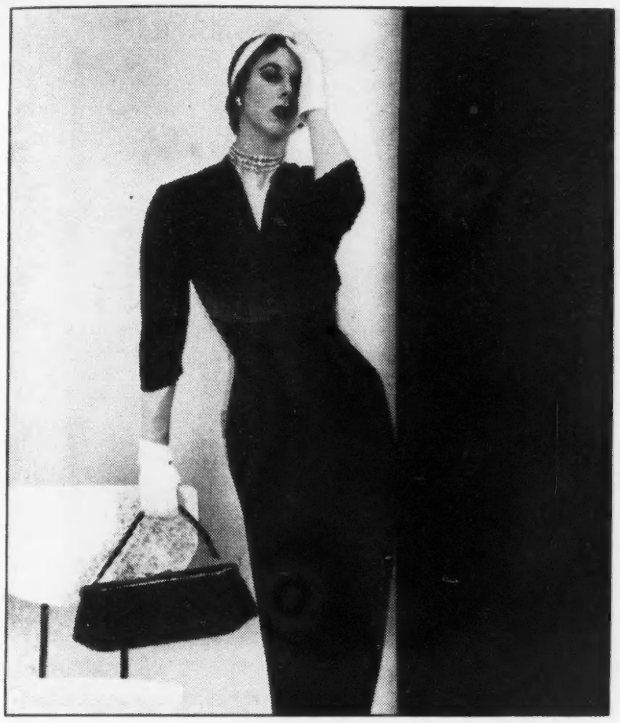


A WHITE *cotton by Jerry Gilden of New York, with black figure motif. The full skirt is summer's favorite. At Eaton's, Toronto, $16.95.*

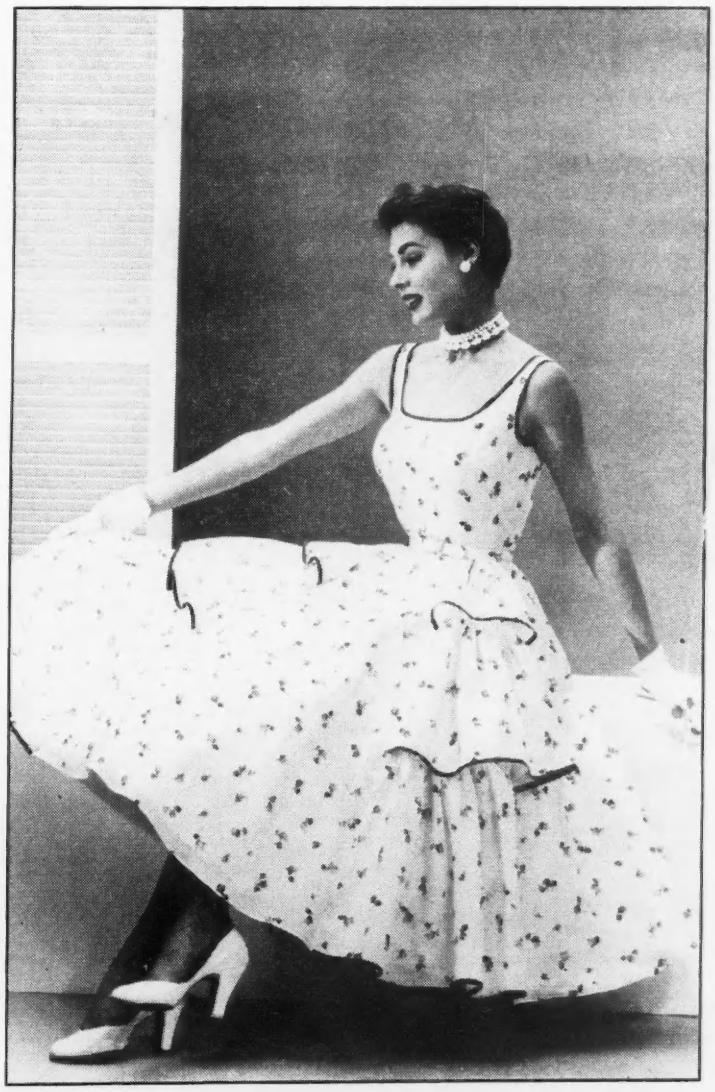
*Photo: Eaton's Commercial Studio*



A DECOLLETE *bouffant in polished black cotton, with white piqué details, an adaptation from a European original. At Morgan's, Montreal, $35.*



BLACK *wool crepe for cool days and travelling. by Roter of London. Hudson's Bay, Vancouver, $79.50.*



A SPRIGGY *printed organdie that pouffs into shirred tiers at the sides. A California model exclusive with Holt Renfrew, Montreal, $39.95.*

*Photo: Peter James Samerjan*


***For Mother's Day***

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by

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April 1954.



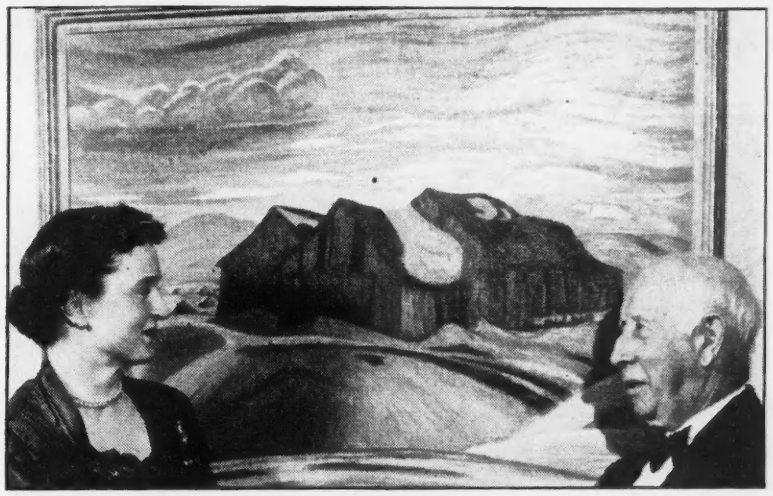
AT THE OPENING *of the Group of Seven Exhibition at the Vancouver Art Gallery: l to r, W. H. Malkin, Past President of the Art Gallery and Honorary President, Mrs. James P. Fell, a founder of the Women's Auxiliary of the Art Gallery and artist Lawren Harris. They are standing in front of one of Harris's canvases,* First Snow, North Shore of Lake Superior.

# *Group of Seven Exhibition*
## *at the Vancouver Art Gallery*



ANOTHER GROUP *admires* Lake and Mountains, *also painted by Lawren Harris. From left to right they are: Mrs. Montague Caple, of the Board of the Women's Auxiliary, Mr. Caple, Mrs. Thomas Ingledow and Mr. Ingledow, President of the Art Gallery.*

*Photos: Lee Holt*



MRS. COLIN WALKER, *Vancouver Junior League, and Dr. A. Y. Jackson, photographed a few minutes after Dr. Jackson declared the Exhibition open. The painting is* Barns, *by Dr. Jackson.*

• •

## *Come On In, Maud!*

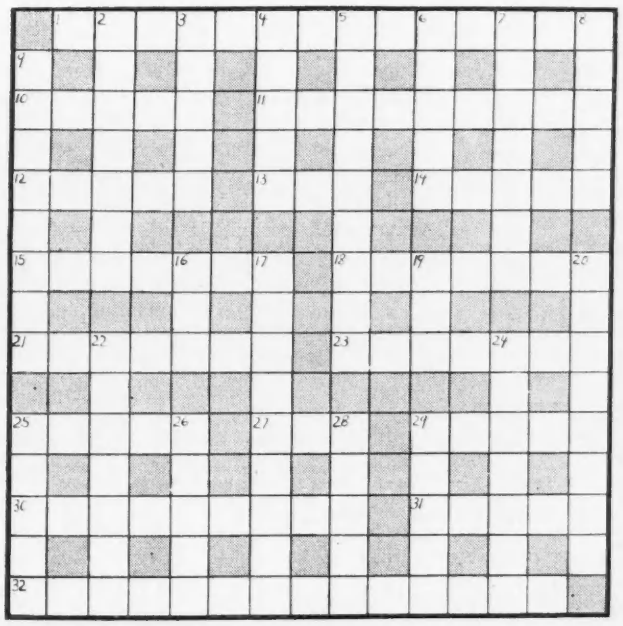
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

**ACROSS**

1, 17. Is it because of this some gardeners lose heart? (1,6,2,1,8,5)
10. Should be soiled, as it were, for 2. (5)
11. Figure on change for a large cent. (9)
12. They're a way out when it's the end. (5)
13. Shoemakers have an eradicator of 9, 24. (3)
14. Not a fishy handshake. (5)
15. Famous Dean, joining the saints, gets a stomachful. (7)
18. Dresses up like a Christmas tree? (7)
21. Oh, what a beautiful morning, old lady! (7)
23. Tempts one to scatter seeds about Upper Canada. (7)
25. For good 4, a 32 needs a sense of it. (5)
27. Neck and neck and neck to it, perhaps. (3)
29. Sharp-edged but blunt if you call it what it is. (5)
30. Put grain into wartime measures. (9)
31. Still sounds a lot without the extra fifty. (5)
32. He caters to all tastes at Covent Garden. (6, 8)

**DOWN**

2. Pains of a 32, perhaps. (7)
3. When 19, the emblem of Lancaster. (5)
4. The gravity of the situation gives us an attachment to it. (5)
5. What 2 does. (9)
6. A sock, perhaps, can put one out of countenance! (5)
7. The structure of the Lost Chord perhaps. (7)
8. We return with 3, all upset and so put out. (5)
9. 24, Bonnie Prince on hands and knees in the garden. How moving! (8, 7)
16. Where the green grass grew all around. (3)
17. See 1.
19. See 3. (3)
20. With odd sets, cups should be varied, one guesses. (8)
22. It's a measure of current interest when mother turns up with a recorder. (7)
24. See 9.
25. Where Sultanas loaf? (5)
26. Pores over a cell. (5)
28. Hesitant, so to speak, about age? Not hesitant, surely! (5)
29. Yet surprisingly it provides it when the sun is on it. (5)



### Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

**ACROSS**

1. Larger
4. Freehold
10. Candide
11. Platoon
12. Salic
13. Leasehold
14. Shopper
15. Sailors
17. Bottled
20. Battled
23. Hurricane
25. Riata
26. Vikings
27. Sardine
28. Daydream
29. Staged

**DOWN**

1. Locusts
2. Rinaldo
3. Episcopal
5. Repeats
6. Elate
7. Ogopogo
8. Denudes
9. Cellar
16. Interpret
17. Behaved
18. Turnkey
19. Dead Sea
20. Breast
21. Loading
22. Dead end
24. Inner

(311)


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# Letters

## *Royal Home*

I MUST protest in the strongest terms against your recent suggestion that the English Royal Family spend a certain amount of time each year in Canada. The implication is that Canada is not a sovereign state but still a vassal of the English crown. . . If this nation is to grow in strength and independence, we must forget about the trappings of colonialism. Instead of making such absurd suggestions, you would be better occupied urging the adoption of a truly national flag, our own national anthem and removal of all signs indicating vassalage, such as crowns and the word royal, from all public buildings, vehicles and similar places. . .

RICHARD BELLEFONTAINE

*Three Rivers, Que.*

## *Realism*

WILLSON WOODSIDE'S recent article is just an echo of the unrealistic nonsense that so often arrives in this country from below the border. We want peace, so we say; very well, if there is to be peace we must learn to live with communist countries. We have already recognized communist Yugoslavia and communist Russia, and we ought surely to recognize communist China. Mr. St. Laurent was not seduced by wicked Indian statesmen: he was simply being realistic, and I sincerely hope he and the rest of his Cabinet continue to remain so despite Mr. Woodside's absurd fulminations.

*Halifax* PETER WAITE

## *Cost of Books*

I AM a Canadian and have been here a couple of years. Before that I was in the U.S. for three years. I like to buy books and browse in bookshops. I've been astonished, to put it mildly, to discover the prices in England of English books that I have bought at home. I bought a book here a few months ago for 10s.6d. (=$1.44 in Canada at current exchange rates). You indicate its price as $2.00, an increase of 39 per cent. A couple of other books you've reviewed in the last couple of issues indicate the same sort of difference. Maugham's selected novels sell at 15s. here (=$2.06), at home at $3.50. Freya Stark's *Coast of Incense* is 25s. here (=$3.40), $5.00 at home. Trevelyan's lectures are 11s.6d. here (=$1.58), $2.25 at home. The average seems to be a 50 per cent hike in price. Surely duty and the cost of handling don't make up 50 per cent? English booksellers seem to be able to import American and Canadian titles and sell them at about 8 or 10 per cent over the dollar price; why can't ours do the same? . . .

*Cambridge, England* D. T. WRIGHT

## *Cemeteries*

IN few of our customs do we show stronger barbarism than in our funeral and burial rites. At best they encourage emotional orgies; at their worst they are forms of commercialized ancestor worship, and our cemeteries, old style or new, are the visible symbols of this.

*Hamilton* STEPHEN KARSAK

I AM against any move to eliminate the old tombstones from cemeteries. The writers of epitaphs have enriched the literature of the countryside and given many people their only contact with a sort of frenzied poetry. The wild disorder of graveyards has inspired many a writer of ghostly yarns. The toppled and crumbling stones have provided resting-places for the old and foot-sore by day and the young and love-lorn by night. No ordered, trim and tidy new-style cemetery could do as much for the care and comfort of the living, and I'm sure the dead don't mind.

*St. Catharines, Ont.* T. H. GOODMAN

I LIKE cemeteries which are a "tipsy hodge-podge of stones and markers". They seem to suggest that in death there is the same infinite variety as in life. Besides, where else can you find so many vital statistics so graphically displayed?

*Charlottetown* ELLEN MACDONALD

## *Canadian Textiles*

YOUR issue of April 3 contained a letter from Mrs. J. J. Morris which stated in rather strong terms that the only difficulty with the Canadjan textile industry is that it hasn't craftsmen to produce fabrics and designs to compare with those of Europe and United States.

For the record we would like to note that the Canadian industry has craftsmen to compare with the world's best, and is training more all the time, but that the products of these workers cannot compete, even on the Canadian market, with the low wages of the European industries and with the low costs resulting from U.S. mass markets.

For these reasons the Canadian industry doesn't try to make everything for everybody in the form of the specialties that Mrs. Morris lists, but instead tries to produce the everyday wants of the mass of the Canadian people, a difficult enough task under current trading conditions.

W. M. BERRY
Vice-President,

*Montreal* Primary Textiles Institute

## *Welfare Costs*

MR. ABBOTT'S most recent budget has shown us how the financial blood of the nation is being drained away. . . Military expenses have been cut but a great deal more money is being spent on the trimmings of the welfare state. Just take a look at our costs. . . Why should old-age pensions be more than a token payment? Why should there not be a means test, to make sure that only the helpless and destitute old people get the pension? . . . Why should not baby bonus payments be made only for the first five children? Surely its purpose is to ensure proper care of a decent number of offspring, not to encourage the annual production of offspring. . .

*Halifax* D. B. BERRY

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SATURDAY NIGHT

ESTABLISHED 1887

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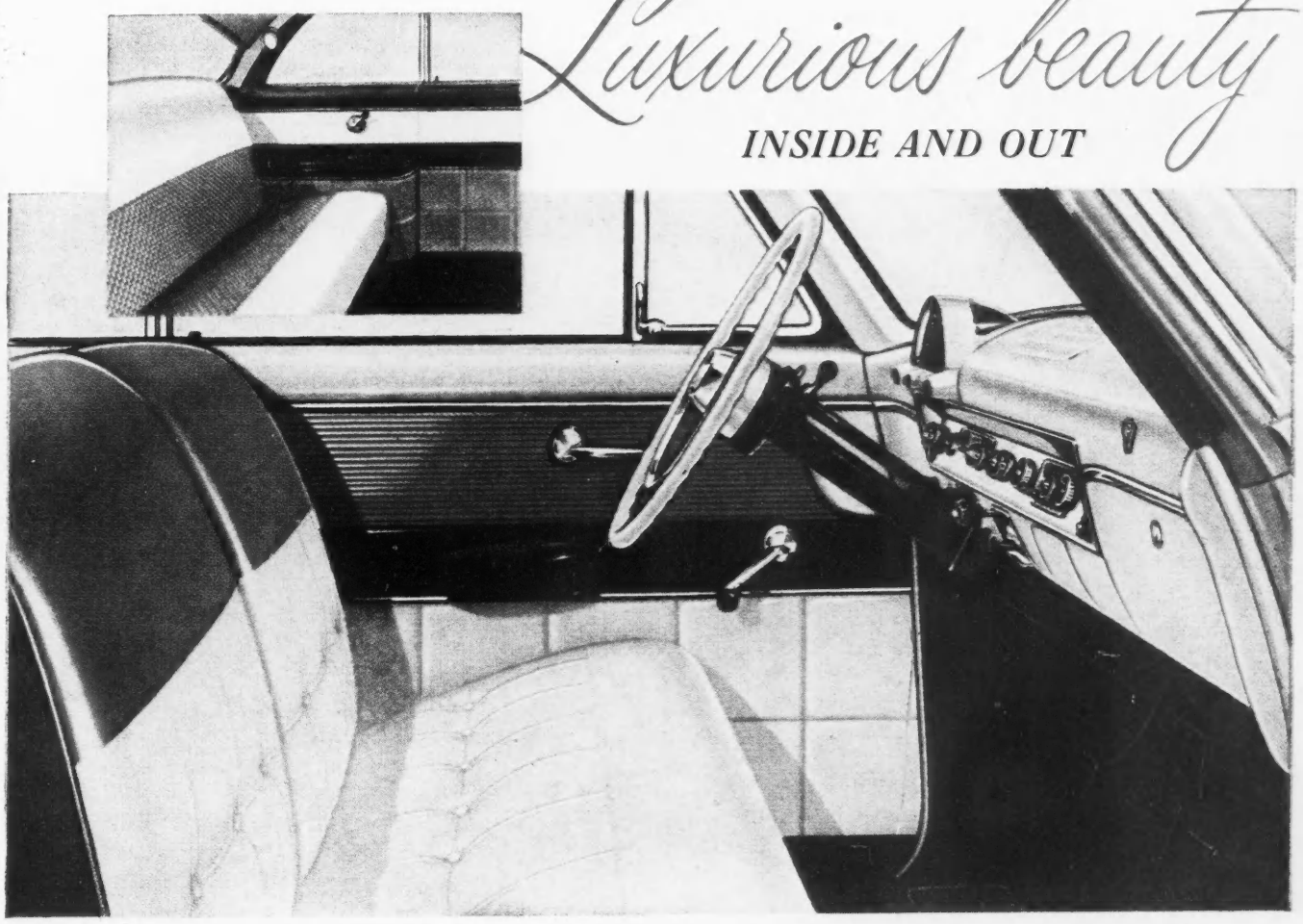


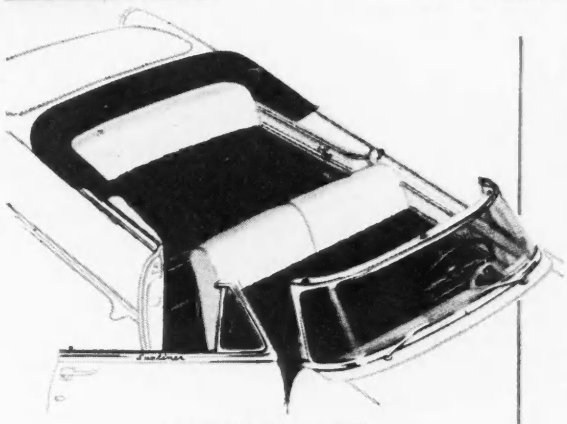
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**Corporate Bonds and Shares**
**Commercial Paper**

Supported by a well informed research department, we are at all times actively engaged in the underwriting and distribution of Canadian investment securities. In servicing your financial requirements, either in securing new capital for business expansion or in advising as to appropriate security purchases or sales, the experience of our investment executives is freely at your disposal.

For the benefit of those interested in the broader economic development of Canada, we have prepared and distributed monthly since November 1951 a survey of business and market conditions entitled BUSINESS AND FINANCE IN CANADA. We are always pleased to furnish a copy of this letter upon request.

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# Equitable Securities of Canada
**Limited**

*Member: The Investment Dealers' Association of Canada*

**220 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada**

**Telephone: EMpire 6-1141**

**Directors**

**Arthur Dymond** **H. W. Hunter** **W. N. Hovey** **G. M. Wilson**